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DESCRIPTIVE LIST  
OF  
NOVELS AND TALES  
DEALING WITH  
AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE.

COMPILED BY  
W: M. GRISWOLD, A. B. (HARVARD.) *W: M. G.*  
EDITOR OF 'THE MONOGRAPH', A COLLECTION OF FIFTY-FOUR HISTORICAL AND  
BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS, AND OF 'TRAVEL', A SIMILAR SERIES  
DEVOTED TO PLACES,



CAMBRIDGE, MASS:  
W: M. GRISWOLD, PUBLISHER.  
1890.

[ *From the "School Bulletin," Aug., 1892.* ]

We hope teachers will not fail to recognize the work W. M. Griswold is doing in his classified bibliography. He sends us a *DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF NOVELS AND TALES DEALING WITH LIFE IN FRANCE* (Cambridge, Mass., 1892, 8vo, pp. 94, \$1.00), which is of immediate practical use to the teacher of French history as well as of French literature.

[ *From the "Central Christian Advocate."* ]

Mr. Griswold has done an excellent work, which will be appreciated by all librarians, and by many people of cultivated taste who wish to get on the track of the best French fiction, or at least to secure some guidance and information in regard to its qualities and characteristics. His former "lists" have dealt with American City and Country Life, with Life in England, etc. . . . Life in city and country, peasant life and soldier life, the reckless and adventurous career of the free and easy student in Paris, and the rude rustic among the mountains,—all these phases of French life pass in review in the books which Mr. Griswold has here catalogued. A guide like this would be invaluable to a student of French literature, telling as well what to avoid, as what to secure and read.

[ *From the "Boston Commonwealth," 13 Aug., 1892.* ]

If all libraries were generously equipped with these Lists, the long-suffering curator of books would find more pleasure in life. The compilation and selection are made with rare skill. The poor book drops into deserved oblivion, while the worthy but neglected and forgotten good book is restored to the eye of the world.

Some not too busy people make note of the name of a novel recommended by a trustworthy critic, but when the time for use comes the note seldom is at hand, and, if ready, generally gives the mere title and no idea of the contents. But here is a series of brochures that contain excerpts from the fairest critical notices, often from several sources, and one is enabled to form a sort of judgment of choice without actually glancing at the book itself. Of course, those dealing with foreign lands must for the greater part be translations, since with few exceptions the most truthful and vivid characterizations come from the compatriot who has summered and wintered his fellows. Few people realize the patience, skill, and labor involved in such an undertaking as the publication of these successive lists, but those who do should urge upon others the use of so valuable a means of education and pleasure. As a series of 'condensed novels' they are interesting, too.

# NOVELS OF AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE.

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*The object of this list is to direct readers, such as would enjoy the kind of books here described, to a number of novels, easily obtainable, but which, in many cases, have been forgotten within a year or two after publication. That the existence of works of fiction is remembered so short a time is a pity, since, for every new book of merit, there are, in most libraries, a hundred as good or better, unknown to the majority of readers. It is hoped that the publication of this and similar lists will lessen, in some measure, the disposition to read an inferior NEW book when superior OLD books, equally fresh to most readers, are at hand.*

*This list will be followed by others describing fiction dealing with American City Life, and with lists of "International" and Romantic novels. The compiler would be pleased to have his attention called to any works deserving a place which have escaped his attention. It may be observed that, while excluding all which do not deal with country life, he has tried to include among these only such as are well-written, interesting, and free from sensationalism, sentimentality, and pretense.*

*The selected "notices" here given are generally abridged.*

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ACHSAH [by W. M. F. Round: *Lee & Shepard*, 1876.] "There is a certain smartness about 'Achsaah' which may make it popular in those rustic communities where living examples of the models portrayed in its pages are to be found. The heroine, Achsaah, is a country girl, the daughter of Deacon Sterne. This deacon is the best-drawn character of the book; his cunning, hypocrisy, and meanness make him an amusing caricature of certain Yankee faults. He bears the mark of being drawn from life by a very bitter enemy, who does not always hold his hand when he is expressing his scorn. The hero, Owen Rood, who accumulates money by writing magazine articles—one of them on Luther!—is a creature of the imagination rather than of flesh and blood. His troubles are of a familiar sort, and are easily cleared away as we approach the

end of the story. What is good in all this is the account of the unadulterated **New England** people; less good is the romantic part, and the plot is too light to bear the superstructure." [Nation. 1

ADIRONDACK STORIES [by PHILANDER DEMING, *Houghton*, 1880.] "Geographically, the Adirondacks are at no great distance from the Atlantic, but for literary purposes they are very far west indeed, and Mr. Deming's style and method show him to be distinctly related to that group of writers who have their head-quarters beyond the Rocky Mountains. His subjects, chosen from a common, even rude life, are poetic and pitched in a low key, consisting mostly of some bit of elemental pathos simply and suggestively rendered. The most original and striking feature of Mr. Deming's work is his adherence to pure narrative,

ALL ABOARD. [by "OLIVER OPTIC," i. e., W: T. ADAMS: Boston, *Brown, Bazin & Co.*, 1856.] The author "writes in the plain and direct style which suits those whom he addresses, and accomplishes with gr  at tact a task by no means easy. We mean that he stimulates the natural relish of the boy for out-door exercises and hardy sports, whilst he inculcates the advantage of obedience, disciplin, and good conduct. The little tale is of home life. The boys of a large school, near a lake, get up a boat club, under the superintendence of a retired Captain. Boating is their chief delight; and the incidents which gro out of it ar more varied and more amusing than you might suppose, whilst they ar skilfully made t   furnish ample occasion for moral lessons. The admission of   ne blac sheep—admitted under kindly promptings—brings with it a train of evils, ending in a very wel-described adventure of juvenile piracy. A gang of young rowdies carry off all the boats, and defiantly encamp on an island. In due course of time, however, the scamps ar routed, after having a most dolorous time of it, and the happy youngsters ar taut the difference between lawless and lawful pleasures. Mr. Adams

has handled a difficult theme with great credit." [Albion. **2 m**

ALONE [by "MARION HARLAND," i. e., M.. Virginia (Hawes) Terhune: Richmond, Va., 1855.] "is a tale of Southern domestic life—not negro life—but the life of cultivated, wel-meaning, suffering and striving white folk. It must hav   me local truth in it, for it is in its "fifth edition"; yet we can not recognise anything peculiar t   the South in its characters and incidents. It sh  s, however, a sharp insight int   motifs, marking the nicest distinctions and shades of character with a keen, firm touch, and without those strong and exaggerated contrasts which ar too often evidences of confused conceptions and imperfect execution. The herom is not exactly an original creation, but is a wel-defined and skilfully develop-character, and "Charley" and Mr. Lacy ar agreeably drawn, while Miss Joseplune is almost too much of a vixen for the refined society in which she is allowed t   circulate. Th  re is more mutual complacency and admiration, too, am  ng the leading friends than is compatible with a true social intercourse. But the tone of the work is subdued, and the religious spirit healthful and liberal." [Putnam's Mag. **2 q**

and the strong, often dramatic effects gained by discarding entirely the dramatic form. We recall no other writer who has attempted to express so much in this way. The story is told almost without aid from the characters, who unburden themselves mainly throu the medium of the author, in the "oratio obliqua." Sometimes they are not allowed to speak at all; *Lida Ann*, the subject of a very true and tender sketch, does not utter a word while her sad little life history is unfolded. The reader is not called upon to be present at the scene, but merely to listen to a relation of what has taken place; yet such is the vigor and truth of Mr. Deming's narrative that we are transported thither despite the prohibition, and only afterwards begin to wonder how characters whose speech we have not heard, whose actions are by no means elaborately dwelt upon, have been made so real and vivid to us. Mr. Deming possesses the art of turning at once to the most effective point of his story and setting it in a strong light. He writes in a repressed, trenchant style, so weeded of redundances that the few words which remain seem doubly charged with meaning. It is not often that a book made up of fragmentary publications exhibits such unity as we find in these Adirondack stories. Not only is the scene the same throuôut, but a certain steadfastness of literary purpose is everywhere apparent. There is no unevenness, or shifting of styles; the aim raised in the beginning is pursued to the end. It is a book which distinctly gains in value by being read as a whole. It is only in that way that its full significance as a picture of an out-of-the-way life can be measured. Each sketch is the story of a single character or incident; the whole book is the history of a community. The entire action takes place within "the neighborhood," a term including, apparently, about 20 miles of Adirondack forest, and the individual most carefully studied is the public sentiment of this district. Every event is viewed not alone by itself, but in refer-

ence to how the world, that is the knot of men at a country-shop, regard it; and Mr. Deming has learned the inconsistencies, the harsh cruelty and warm, capricious kindness, of this omnipotent jury, as he has noted the shifting aspects of the **Adirondack** scenery, which forms a variant frame-work for his dramas. His landscape is caught by a few instantaneous strokes, and is set before us full of moisture, atmosphere, and movement." [Atlantic. 2

AMONG THE LAKES [by W: O. STODDARD, *Scribner*, 1888.] "A narrative of life at a delightful country home, where city cousins and country cousins are reunited during the summer. It is quiet and healthful in tone, and full of mirth and cheerfulness. Piney Hunter, the country boy, is a remarkably fine fellow. Bi, the city youth, has also points of excellence, tho he does not especially rouse our admiration. Any boy or girl from 8 to 14, ôt to enjoy the book thoroughly." [Nation. 3

ANNIE KILBURN [by W: D. HOWELLS, *Harper*, 1888.] There is more satire than pathos in this story, yet the account of the domestic life of the clever and generous, and (in spite of his one "bad habit") attractive lawyer, is full of pathos. It is a case of dipsomania rather than habitual drunkenness which is here presented, and no one who has lived in a **New England** town can fail to recognize the truth of this picture of a man, well-born, well-educated, of unusual ability and deeply interested in his profession, yet ruined by drink. We have spoken first of this character not because he is, by any means, of the first importance in the novel, but for the reason that his prototype is appallingly frequent in New England life, and has rarely been treated in literature except in publications avowedly tracts, whose descriptions, if read at all by the cultivated public, would of course be subject to discount.—The other characters are nearly all equally good;—the clergyman, able, earnest, self-sacrificing, inclined to take the teachings of Jesus literally and

seriously, (therein reminding one of "Joshua Davidson"), and hence inevitably falling out with his satisfied and selfish parishioners, whose chief representative is the typical smart business man of a small town, here admirably drawn. The life of the summer colony, again (the geography of the place suggests Beverly) is brôt out, especially in their relations to the townspeople, in a delightfully humorous fashion. It may be added that tho the motives of the story are serious they are handled with so much humor that the narrative is as entertaining and amusing as it is true to life. 4

APRIL HOPES [by W. D. HOWELLS. *Harper*, 1887.] "Mr. Howells shows a light and exquisite touch in "April Hopes," a novel, it is safe to say, in which all his finer qualities are seen at their best. The story is for all the world like a spring day when showers and sunshine gracefully intermingle. Story, we say, while in reality there is no story at all. Only an account of how two young things fell in love with one another and quarrelled and made up, and quarrelled again, and made up again, and broke off the engagement once more, and finally made up for good and were married. And how charmingly the affair is put before us—all the foolish, silly, entrancing details are there, and never does the author exceed the limits of probability or the canons of good taste. It is like a pretty play, for the narrative in the book is a poor pennyworth of bread to an infinite deal of sack in shape of bright and sparkling dialog. We sit and watch Dan and Alice at their love meetings and their love quarrels, hear them exchange their bits of romantic nonsense, see them go throu their little deceits and flights of tragedy and playing at broken hearts, and listen while they utter protestations of undying affection and vows of unwavering faith. It is all very pretty, very dainty, very touching, and every one who assists at the performance must feel that here at any rate is a bit of reality. The doctrine of elective affinities has no place in the world of "April

Hopes." "Girlhood," in the author's view, "is often a turmoil of wild impulses, ignorant exaltations, mistaken ideals, which really represent no intelligent purpose, and come from disordered nerves, ill-advised reading, and the erroneous perspective of inexperience." When two creatures thus constituted indulge in the frantic effort of trying to reconcile their ideals the comedy and tragedy of courtship begin, for, as Mr. Howells says once more, "the difficulty in life is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions which we have taut ourselves that we aut to feel." The novel is truly a charming production." [Boston "Literary World."] Much of the action is at **Cam-pobello**, and the descriptions of the scenery are charming. 5

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST [by BAYARD TAYLOR. *Putnam*, 1872.] "In the 4 stories we have named, and especially in 'Jacob Flint's Journey,' and 'Friend Eli's Daughter,' we find a native charm and a fine local flavor that we should not know where to match outside of Auerbach's tales. There is, with an utter difference of material, a natural similarity of atmosphere in these **Pennsylvania** and German stories. They are alike in rusticity of event and character, and in the country sweetness which hangs about them like an odor of fields and woods, as well as the unpatronizing spirit in which simple people's life is regarded." [Atlantic. 6

BETTY LEICESTER [by S. O. JEWETT, *Houghton*, 1889.] "Possesses the vital touch without which no incident can impress itself; with which the simplest details are imbued with a real life of their own. The descriptions of country life and scenes are exquisite. There are good suggestions to those whose lives have become so fixed in a narrow and unchanging routine that even the simplest form of entertaining seems momentous and overpowering. Everything is invested with a simple and health-



ARDIS CLAVERDEN. [by FRANK R: STOCKTON: N.-Y., *Dodd*, 1890.]

“Jack Surry and Ardis keep the stage throughout the play; but it is with Dr. Lester, whose fine manners, pure affection, and persistent nobility of character are most effectively delineated, that the author makes us linger. Dr. Lester is clearly the true hero of the story, and from the moment when he ‘let down his long legs preparatory to slipping from the fence’ until, at the end, ‘Ardis stepped to his side, and, stooping, kissed him,’ he will have the sympathy and love of the ‘gentle’ reader. He is most delicately and justly conceived and consistently portrayed. The reader knows how it is to be with him from the start, and from the start understands Ardis’ feeling and how it must all come out; and yet with a hopeless eagerness he catches every promise which for a moment brightens the doctor’s outlook. Dr. Lester’s relation to the heroine is not a new one in novels, but it is made closely individual by its peculiar shading. . . . To us the best episode is that in which the heroine turns up in the Chiverleys’ studio in New-York. If there is a break in the interest of the story anywhere, possibly it preceded the introduction of the Chiverleys; but with them came a fresh infusion of life and incident, a new grouping of parts—a strong ‘spurt,’ if we may so speak of it, which carries us to the winning post. The Chiverleys are delightful and wholesome; picked up, one would say, out of life, and come to stay in the mind. There are many persons on the stage who come and go, filling the background with a rich Virginia life, and about it all a wholesome atmosphere.” [Critic. 5 h

ARTEMUS WARD, HIS TRAVELS. C: FARRAR BROWNE (1834-67): N.-Y., Carleton, 1865.] "Half the book consists of miscellaneous narratives and brief romances: the other half is made up of humorous reminiscences of travel to "California and Bac." Our columns have sometimes profited by floating waifs of the eminent shoman's humor—such as the romance of "William Barker, the Young Patriot." In this well-known bit of burlesque, we recognize the motif of Artemus Ward's humor, and the reason of his popularity. He appeals directly to common-sense, under a garb of absurdity. There is much plain, homely truth in what he says so extravagantly, and his blunt satire touches sensibilities which are utterly invulnerable to more delicate sarcasm. His knowledge of the American character, too, is peculiarly comprehensive and accurate, and his habit of observation of social life is keen and always active. These latter points are especially shown in the chapters headed "*Affairs Round the Village*

*Green,*" and "*Agriculture,*" and in the accounts of local doings at "Baldinsville." But this clever writer is successful not only in hitting off the prominent characteristics of the grosser phases of American civilization, he displays equal felicity of touch and keenness of wit in occasional sallies at polished society and at the follies of current literature and journalism. The chapters on Boston, New-York, and Richmond, and the romance of "Only a Mechanic" illustrate his talent in these particulars. The latter, which fills scarcely two pages, is a remarkably pungent satire, and is much better calculated than any serious revue, however bitter in telling, to purge silly story-writers of their ridiculous conceit. To conceit, indeed, and to puerility and imposture of all sorts, Artemus Ward displays a hearty enmity which is rooted in his principles and a good heart. His writings have their moral, no less than their comic bearing." [Albion.

5 j

AS IT MAY HAPPEN [**Pennsylvania**] = No. 192.

ASCHENBROEDEL = No. 193.

ASCUTNEY STREET. [by ADELINE DUTTON (TRAIN) WHITNEY: London, *Ward & Lock*, 1890.] "Mrs. Whitney has had a great deal of practice since she wrote 'Faith Gartney's Girlhood' [No. 30m] but her readers will probably agree for the most part in placing that meritorious little story above all its successors. 'Ascutney Street' is no rival to it. Traces of morbidity and sentimentality, affectations of style and moral tall talk were observable in the former work; they are common in the new one. And yet when the author allows herself to tell her quite simple and pretty story straightforwardly, forgetting self-consciousness and mannerism, there is again the genuine ring with which her readers are acquainted. Unfortunately this is too seldom the case, and in trying to be pithy or profound she is oftener than not tiresome and incomprehensible." [*Athenaeum*. 5 k

ASPENDALE = No. 194.

BERENICE, [by M.. HAYDEN  
(GREEN) PIKE: Boston, *Phillips*, 1856.]  
“a tale of the Passamaquoddy [**Maine**]  
region, has unusual merit. It is simple  
and unpretending, but is marked, throu-  
out, by great good sense, quick percep-  
tions, poetic sensibility, and considerable  
artistic skill.” [Putnam’s.      **6 r**

BERTIE [Phil’a, *Hart*, 1851.] “is a  
**North-Carolina** story, the hero of which  
is a knowing Yankee, self-styled a Profes-  
sor, who manufactures hydraulic cement  
and constructs cisterns. His adventures  
in the old North State are made the means  
of giving a lively and entertaining account  
of the habits and character of its people.”  
[Southern Literary Messenger.      **6 t**

ful but constant interest, from the beginning, where Betty starts alone, with some misgiving, for Tideshead, to the very last page, when she and her father are leaving the quaint little village with real regret, albeit to take up their wider life once more." [Nation. 7

BETWEEN WHILES [by H.. (F.) (H.) JACKSON, *Roberts*, 1887.] "Is a collection of tales which, with the exception of the first and longest, have already been printed. And they very well stand the test of being half forgotten after a hasty reading in some magazine, and then, years afterward, being read again. In every case the memory of the story, almost as soon as the first sentence is read, comes back in all its entirety, the characters seem like old friends, and there is genuine pleasure in listening to their simple talk and breathing the wholesome odor of their surroundings. The first story, "The Inn of the Golden Pear," was left incomplete at the author's death, and one regretfully wonders what she would have made of the lives of Willan and Victorine. The few chapters which but finish what might be called the first episode are filled at once with strength and subtlety quite beyond anything else in the volume. In spite of the sudden infatuation of Willan, and the quaint romance of a bygone time that would serve ordinarily to give such a tale a tinge of unreality, there is a naturalness, a pervading sense of being close to life and nature, a vigor and grasp, that compels one's interest and admiration. But it is chiefly the purity, the elevation and gentle fervor which throuout these stories disclose their author at her best, and win the hearts of her warmest admirers." [Nation. 8

BLUFFTON [by M. J. SAVAGE, *Lee & Shepard*, 1878.] "Is one of many books of the same kind which are to be written, and the public who see in it a partial description of what the public thöts and speculations are and have been, will be grateful if the books that are to come are as good-humored, as sincere, and no more inconclusive than

this one. The story is simple. The Rev. M: Trafton goes from the East to take charge of a church in the West. He has no doubt of the orthodoxy of his creed or of the firmness of his belief; and full of hope and youth he means to live his life strait out in the place where his work is appointed. At first he is eminently successful. The sermons, which come from his heart, touch the hearts of his hearers. He finds the one woman for him; she accepts his offer, and life looks full of the best and happiest promises. Gradually he is found less than orthodox. A council is called to consider his heresies, and before it assembles, questions as to his personal character and the purity of his life furnish further food for inquiry. These, of course, are triumphantly vindicated, but his misbeliefs are manifest, and his betrothed counts him an infidel and refuses to break her father's heart by marrying him. So far all is natural and coherent.....Job's asses and oxen are here represented by travels in Europe for Mr. Trafton, after which he meets his former love in a summer-house in a gentleman's place in California. They make it up at once; her father is dead—we believe he left a competent fortune—and soon after Mr. Trafton receives a call from a certain number of people in New York who desires to hear whatever he may have to say, and with this nimbus neatly fitted round his head the book closes." [Nation. 9

BOSCOBEL [N. Y.: *W. B. Smith & Co.*] "Shows not very much skill in contrivance of plot or portraiture of character; but it is worth an hour's reading for the pretty sketching of Florida scenery and of the life there of the winter sojourners." [Nation. 10

CAPE COD AND ALL ALONG SHORE [by CHARLES NORDHOFF, *Harper*, 1869.] "The editors of this Magazine [Atlantic] remember with pleasure "*Elkanah Brewster's Temptation*;" and we fancy that there are others who will be glad to read it a second time in this collection. It is no dispraise of them to say that Mr. Nordhoff's stories are all light—

BROUGHTON HOUSE = No. 203.

BURKETTS LOCK. [by M.. GREEN-WAY McCLELLAND: N.-Y., *Cassell*, 1889.] "The scene is laid among humble folk on the banks of the James River [Virginia], and in a hilly city easily recognizable as Lynchburg. Without Miss Murfree's verbiage and continual digressions into irrelevant descriptions of natural beauties unnoticed by her actor's, Miss McClelland's command of mountaineer dialect is equal to the Tennessee writer's, and she does not weary us with it. The story is sad, simple, and too short. Grannie and Polly are strong and piquante; Rob Redd, a representative of the class who win the love of everybody and deserve nobody's. Hester is pure, fine and high; an artistic contrast to her weak, vain, unfortunate sister." [Homemaker.]—"The entire tone is strong, unaffected, and sympathetic. The miserable tragedy of Delia is touched with pathos and quiet force; the character of Hester is admirable in simple and sincere outlines; while the life of the section is portrayed with many clever strokes. The scenes where Hester listens to the council of the relatives of Delia, planning the doom of the betrayer, and the final discovery of the double falsity of Rob Redd, are truly dramatic, and excellent in proportion and in movement." [Boston 'Literary World.']

10 p

BURR-CLIFF [by "Paul Creyton," i. e., J. TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE: Boston, *Phillips*, 1854.] "is an amusing, racy little volume, consisting of a series of fam-

ily pictures, well and truthfully drawn, in which clouds and sunshine alternate, but the latter predominates. It presents, in lively contrast, two families, the one living in the country, independent, intelligent, and well-ordered, with a desire for self-culture, and taste to enjoy nature's perfect works as spread out before them in "Hill and verdant slope, woodland and vale, and sparkling stream." The other in a city, with scanty means, straining every nerve to keep up appearances, the soul cramped by the shackles of artificial life, the natural affections deadened. The characters are well sustained; the conversations lively and spirited. The book contains some profitable hints in relation to the treatment due to our superiors in age, quite apropos at the present time, when the child may almost literally be said to be Father of the man." [National Era.]—It "tells the pleasant story of the people who lived there and the people who went thither to live, the honest farmer of the genuine New-England stamp, and his sturdy sons and smiling daughters, the old grandparents, Joyful and Hopeful by name, just tottering down the hill of life, the broken-down merchant seeking to hide his disgrace in retirement, the fine city lady, poor and dependent, yet scorning to labor with her hands, the good clergyman, the pedantic schoolmaster, the good children and the nauty ones—all characters which we are sure must have been sketched from life, so truthful are their outlines." [Norton's Lit. Gazette.

10 s

BUTTONS INN = No. 206.

"easy things to understand,"—aim to please and entertain folk, and do not grapple with problems of any kind, unless perhaps the doubtful wisdom of forsaking simple Cape Cod and country-town ways, for the materializing and corrupting career of newspaper men and artists in New York. Elkannah Brewester barely overcomes his temptation, and returns to the Cape just in time to be true to Hepsy Ann, while Stoffle McGurdigan actually succumbs, becomes a great editor, and breaks faith with pretty Lucy Jones. Tho the interest of these and the other stories of the book is not complex, the satire is wholesome and just, and the reader will scarcely escape being touched by the pathos. The character in them is good enuf to be true of the scenes of most of tales which take us among places and people seldom touched by magazine fiction, and not here exhausted. It seems to us that *Mehitabel Roger's Cranberry Swamp* is the best of all." 11

CAPE COD FOLKS [by SALLY P. MCLEAN, Boston, Williams, 1881.] "The author is so successful in her sketches of real life that it is a pity she has not confined herself to them. It is only a new illustration of the fact that the power of reproduction is quite other than that of creation. What she saw or knew she has given with vivid force. A note from the publishers implies that some offense has been taken at the frankness of the portraiture of local manners, but surely not by the delightful, impossible, actual "Cedar Swampers" themselves, for the tone of the book as a whole is one of hearty appreciation: for one example, the recognition of the beauty and power of their singing, and the part played by such music in a simple, primitive community—their one fine art. The impression of the book that will linger longest may be the refrain of the hymns swelling and dying above the monotone of the surf." [Nation. 12

CAPTAIN POLLY [by SOPHIE SWETT, Harper, 1889.] "Is a fine tale of a wise and courageous girl, who may serve as a good model for other girls to

grow like, and also as a lesson in shamefacedness to boys for their silly airs of superiority over their sisters. Nothing shows more plainly the greater nearness of boys to their savage ancestry than the fiction which still holds among them that it is they who hold the reins of government. The Captain Polly of this book was the natural and actual ruler of her family, but that did not in the least shake the confidence of her brothers that both their organization and their stock of ideas were in every way superior to hers." [Nation. 13

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE, A. [by W: D. HOWELLS, Boston, 1873]. "A Chance Acquaintance" introduces some of the people who had figured briefly in 'Their Wedding Journey,' and weaves for them a love story on **Canadian** ground, in a way that shows that one need not be an Arbuton to prefer the half-European flavor of that unamericanized part of the country to the less romantic scenery of the United States. But if the setting is partly foreign, the story does not lose in interest on that account, and the people who are brôt before us are taken as types of two very different kinds of Americans. The heroine, Kitty Ellison, is a Western girl who has had none of the advantages of finishing schools, symphony concerts, and Lowell lectures, but has been reared among sensible people who have had their work to do and who, besides attending to that, had been sturdy Abolitionists at a time when slavery had more defenders than it has now. From the glimpse we get of her life it is easy to see how well it encouraged the independence and individuality of her character, and the humor which is so prominent an American trait. The other actor in the play is Mr. Miles Arbuton, of Boston, who has had bestowed on him all that the heart of man could desire—wealth, good family, personal attractiveness of a certain sort, education, foreign travel, so that if young people had nothing better to do than to serve as examples of the truth of proverbs it would seem as if here were a romance ready to break forth between two

such different people. The lack of resemblance lies, too, much deeper than this. Kitty has all the charm which must belong to a young, pretty, kindly, sympathetic girl, while Arbuton has all the narrowness, coldness, and exclusiveness which are disagreeable when they are found in contrast with what one would naturally expect from all the advantages he possesses, and, it must be said, with what one sees of such people in the flesh. With Kitty, Mr. Howells has been remarkably successful; he has drawn a really charming girl, and how difficult and rare a thing that is to do every novel-reader can testify. All her part in the love-making, her innocence, her readiness to be pleased, her kindness towards Arbuton's foibles, her sensitive dignity, her charming humor, belong to a real human being, not to the familiar lay-figure which, one day practical, the next sentimental, goes through the conventional process of love-making with dull uniformity in the writings of the majority of novelists. The plot of the story is simply that of the wooing of this lovely girl by the cold Boston man, whose blue blood freezes in his veins at any reference to the South End of his native city. The story is very prettily told, with its conclusion successfully hidden till the last from the prying wonder of the reader. The many little touches of humor which every reader of Mr. Howells has learned to expect in his works, and which have given him his place as the best of the younger generation of American humorists, are to be found continually in this novel. The descriptions of the scenery, which must be familiar to many, are well done." [Nation. 14

CIRCUIT RIDER, THE [by E. EGGLESTON; N. Y., Ford, 1874.] "Mr. E. Eggleston's stories have had from the beginning a great popularity with a large circle of readers, and it has been in many ways well deserved. They are full of incident; all of these rapid events occur amid scenes almost entirely new to the Eastern reader and the new generation of Westerners; and they have, in a high degree, the element of dialectic

speech, which intrinsically for itself is a popular element, and which, delusively perhaps as often as really, confers upon the personages of the story that appearance of reality and individuality for which the novel-writer has to watch so keenly and work so hard. Another important quality of Mr. Eggleston's books, and one which does much to hold fast the sort of readers whom his novelty and liveliness attract, is his good nature, which never fails to make him always kind to his characters and keeps for him a constant supply of a practical poetic justice which ensures the marriage of the almshouse girl to the hero of the tale, and makes out of the hero the sheriff of the self-same county where the regulators had nearly had him convicted for horse-stealing." [Nation. 15

COUNTRY BY-WAYS [by S. O. JEWETT, Houghton, 1881.] "Miss Jewett herself seems sure only of catching and holding some fitting movement of life, some fragment of experience which has demanded her sympathy. One of the stories, indeed, *Andrew's Fortune* has a more deliberate intention, and we are led on with some interest to pursue the slight turns of the narrative; yet in this the best work is in the successive pictures of the village groups in the kitchen and at the funeral. It would be difficult to find a formal story which made less draft upon one's curiosity than *Miss Becky's Pilgrimage*, yet one easily acquires a personal regard for Miss Becky herself. Miss Jewett's sketches have all the value and interest of delicately executed water-color landscapes; they are restful, they are truthful, and one is never asked to expend criticism upon them, but to take them with their necessary limitations as household pleasures. The sketches and stories which make up the volume vary in value, but they are all marked by grace and fine feeling; they are thoroughly wholesome; they have a gentle frankness and reverence which are inexpressibly winning, when one thinks of the knowingness and self-consciousness and restlessness which by turns characterize so many of the coun-



CLOCKMAKER (The), or the Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick of Slickville. [by T. CHANDLER HALIBURTON (1797-1865): N.-Y., 3 vols., 1837-40.] "It is 30 years since Mr. Haliburton attracted the attention of a colonial public by writing a series of letters recording the observations, humors, and oddities of a traveling Yankee clock-maker, who looked at life with a shrewd, penetrating, yet not unkindly eye. Those who are old enough to recollect the period in question will remember that for a long while 'Sam Slick' was 'the rage.' His sayings were quoted in every newspaper, and became incorporated in the popular slang. He achieved a popularity almost equalling that of 'Mrs. Caudle,' some years later; and he was soon generally accepted by the English public as a type of 'the Yankee' pure and unadulterated. The book was, in truth, a production of marked ability. Sam Slick is one of those fictitious characters which may really be termed creations . . . Of course "the Clockmaker" does not give a complete idea of American character, in which there are larger and nobler elements; but (allowing for the inevitable exaggeration of a caricature) he is true to a certain phase of transatlantic life. Sam is the regular Yankee trader—"cute," wary, dodgy, humbugging, inconceivably audacious, abounding in self-reliance under all possible circumstances, as little troubled with a 'nice conscience' as the sailor in Chaucer, and yet in some respects a good fello after all. In his way, Sam is a genius. His impudence alone is an inspiration. With little education, and with a slimy accumulation of slang covering his speech as mud and

ooze cover the bottom of an old ship, his native New-England shrewdness makes him almost a philosopher. His view of life may be narrow, but it is all the sharper for its narrowness, and there are not wanting touches of pathos in the midst of the humor." [London Review, 1865.]—" 'Sam Slick' deserves to be entered on our list of friends containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the Shepherd of the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' and other rhapsodical discoursers on time and change, who, beside the delights of their discourse, possess also the charm of individuality. Apart from all the worth of Sam's revelations, the man is precious to us as a queer creature—knowing, impudent, sensible, sagacious, vulgar, yet not without a certain tact; and overflowing with a humor as peculiar in its way as the humors of Andrew Fairservice." [Athenæum.]—"We can distinguish the real from the counterfeit Yankee at the first sound of the voice, and by the turn of a single sentence; and we have no hesitation in declaring that Sam Slick is not what he pretends to be; that there is no organic life in him; that he is an imposter, an impossibility, a nonentity. A writer of genius, even if he write from imperfect knowledge, will, as it were, breathe the breath of life into his creations. Sam Slick is an awkward and hilly infelicitous attempt to make a character, by heaping together, without discrimination, selection, arrangement, or taste, every vulgarity which a vulgar imagination can conceive, and every knavery which a man blinded by national and political prejudice can charge upon neighbors whom he dislikes." [C. C. FELTON.

15 h

CLOVERNOOK, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West. [by ALICE CARY (1822-71): N.-Y., *Redfield*, 1854.] "The writer has depicted Western scenes and characters, Western homes and manners, with a fidelity and accuracy of which those only who hav livd amōng them ar capable. The old-fashioned "Quilting Party," so common and so indispensable in the days of our grand-mōthers, is painted tō the life; and as we read her humorous description we almost sī for the simple, unartificial life of the country, with its true hearts and honest purposes. "My Visit tō Randolph" reminds us of sōme of Dickens' lively sketches; and Miss Matilda Hamersley might pass for a second Mrs. Skewton. The simple but beautiful pictures of life amōng the poor, with its patient endurance for lōve's sake, and sacrifice of selfish wishes for the comfort of the whole, ar written with touching pathos, which reaches the heart and calls forth its better feelings." [National Era. 15 m

COL. DUNWOODIE = No. 214.

COUNTER CURRENTS [So. California] = No. 219.

tributions by women to our literature." [Atlantic. 16

COUNTRY DOCTOR, A. [by S. O. JEWETT, *Houghton*, 1884.] "It is a positive pleasure to think how many young voices will be reading aloud, this summer, Miss Jewett's delightful sketch of 'A Country Doctor.' We say sketch, for tho the book has been heralded as a novel, it is as strictly a sketch as any of those which have won for her a now most enviable fame. Miss Jewett's work is as purely and finely **New England** as Whittier's poetry. Her instinctive refinement, her graceful workmanship, place her second only to Mrs. A.. (Thackeray) Ritchie. Her country doctor is unmistakably a loving portrait from life. We like him and his friend all the better for a reminiscence of the Doctor May and the Doctor Spencer of 30 years ago. Not that they are in the least copies—only examples of the same type. By the side of Doctor Leslie is a most gracious figure, first a wayward child, then a girl of eager heart and steady will. So far as the story follows the thread of her fortune, and develops her character, it might be called a novel; but plot in the ordinary sense it has none. . . At the close, the heroine, looks forward to no happiness of wife or mother, but to the profession—still unusual, tho no longer isolated—for which she had patiently trained herself in medical school and hospital" [Nation. 17

COUPON BONDS, [by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, Boston: 1873.] "We think the best of Mr. Trowbridge's stories, in the new volume of them just published, is *The Man Who Stole a Meeting-House*, which we suppose our readers have not forgotten. It deals, like all the others, with the rustic character of **New England**, bringing out here and there its lurking kindness and delicacy, but impressing you chiefly with a certain sardonic hardness in it,—a humorous, wrong-headed recklessness, which Mr. Trowbridge has succeeded in embodying wonderfully well in old Jedworth. The story is as good as the best in this sort of study, and in struc-

ture it is as much more artistic as it is less mechanical. In some of the other tales the coming coincidence and surprise may be calculated altogether too accurately: all is plotted as exactly as if for the effects of a comedy. This is true in a degree of *Coupon Bonds*, which is such a capital story, and so full of human nature; and it is almost embarrassingly true of *Archibald Blossom*, and of *Preaching for Selwyn*. Mr. Blazay's *Experience*, *The Romance of a Glove*, *Nancy Blynn's Lovers*, and *In the Ice*, are better; but none are so good as *The Man Who Stole A Meeting House*, which for a kind of poise of desirable qualities—humorous conception, ingenious plot, well-drawn character, and a naturally involved moral in old Jedworth's disaster and reform—is one of the best New England stories ever written, to our thinking. They are all inviting stories; they all read easily." [Atlantic. 18

COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE, [by A. E. ( ) PORTER: *Harper*, 1879.] .... "The brothers loved the same sweet girl, Alice Leigh, and the more favored won her; but the fortune which she brôt her husband melted away. Their orphaned children became the wards of their patient and large-hearted uncle; and there is admirable poetic justice and a really artistic convergence of different lines of destiny in the end, where poor, miserly Polly finds death in her fulfilled desires by falling into the pit excavated by the first miners on her old farm, and the wealth which she had clutched so blindly comes by natural inheritance to Alice's children and their adoptive father, and comes just in time to lift from the brave shoulders of the true hero of the tale the burden which must soon have crushed them. It must be confessed, however, that this plot looks better in outline than with the author's filling. There is absolutely no action in the book, and the conversations, especially of the more refined characters, are as priggish and impossible as the situations are simple and veracious." [Atlantic. 19

DEEPHAVEN [by S. O. JEWETT, Boston, 1877.] "The gentle reader of

this magazine [Atlantic] cannot fail to have liked, for their very fresh and delicate quality, certain sketches of an old New England seaport, which have from time to time appeared here during the last 4 years. The first was 'Shore House,' and then came 'Deephaven Cronies' and 'Deephaven Excursions.' These sketches, with many more studies of the same sort of life, as finely and faithfully done, are now collected into a pretty little book called 'Deephaven,' which must, we think, find favor with all who appreciate the simple treatment of the near-at-hand quaint and picturesque. No doubt some particular seaport sat for 'Deephaven,' but the picture is true to a whole class of old shore towns, in any one of which you might confidently look to find the 'Deephaven' types. It is supposed that two young girls—whose young-girlhood charmingly perfumes the thôt and observation of the whole book—are spending the summer at 'Deephaven,' Miss Denis, the narrator, being the guest of her adored ideal, Miss Kate Lancaster, whose people have an ancestral house there; but their sojourn is used only as a background on which to paint the local life: the 3 or 4 aristocratic families, severally dwindled to 3 or 4 old maiden ladies; the numbers of ancient sea-captains cast ashore by the decaying traffic; the queer sailor and fisher folk; the widow and old wife gossips of the place, and some of the people of the neighboring country. These are all touched with a hand which holds itself far from every trick of exaggeration, and which subtly delights in the very tint and form of reality; we could not express too strongly the sense of conscientious fidelity which the art of the book gives, while over the whole is cast a light of the sweetest and gentlest humor, and of a sympathy as tender as it is intelligent.... Bits of New England landscape and characteristic marine effects scattered throughout these studies of life vividly localize them, and the talk of the people is rendered with a delicious fidelity." 20

DESMOND HUNDRED, THE [by J..

(G.) AUSTIN, 17th, 1882.] "It is hard to say whether this is intended as a novel of American life or a religious novel, or both. So far as the plot goes, it might be of almost any country; but the scene is laid partly in New England, and most of the characters are New England people, and the author has a high estimation of New England. Still, the hero of the book is a clergyman, who renounces the woman he loves and allows his brother to marry her, and there is a great deal about religion in the course of the story. Several of the characters, again, are English, and there is something in the tone of the religion and of the love which is not American. The author is evidently very much at home in New England, and the more commonplace New England characters and dialog in the book are very good. The story opens with the preparations for the reception in a New England village of the popular Dr. Manoh Sampson, who is bringing home his wife. The novel, altogether, is above the average in the drawing of character, but in plot is rather weak, and in places vague." [Nation. 21

DAVAULT'S MILLS [by C. H. JONES; Lippincott, 1876.] "This novel is well-written, and displays here and there pleasant touches of humor and intelligent observation, but it lacks the compactness which is needed for the successful treatment of a story. The development of the plot runs on too calmly, and the conversations of the characters, altho natural enuf in themselves, sometimes give too little aid in bringing matters to the necessary crisis, so that the eager reader of novels, accustomed to more fiery drafts, will perhaps find this tale pall upon his taste." [Nation. 22

DOCTOR OF DEANE, THE [by M.. (TOWLE) PALMER, Lothrop, 1888.] "A bright and well-written little book. Within its modest limits it holds an uncommonly distinct and agreeable group of portraits. Uncommon, too, is the perceptive quality which has taken note of innumerable subtleties of thôt and feeling

DEACON'S WEEK = No. 225.

DEVIL'S HAT [Penn.] = No. 229.

DI CARY [Virginia] = No. 230.

DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS (The). [by WARREN BURTON (1800-66): Boston, *Carter, Hendee & Co.*, 1833; N.-Y., *Taylor*, 1838.] "The author of this little book, if he does not relate what he has seen, and that of which he has been a part, is no careless observer of men and women, boys and girls, matters and things. He gives a lively description of the 'Old Schoolhouse,' on the summit of a bald hill, of its external appearance and internal arrangement, of the female teachers in summer and the male teachers in winter, of the urchins and youth who attended, of the various kinds of discipline, of the things taut and how they were taut, of the winter sports, &c. All this is conducted with a good deal of dramatic effect.

At one time we are moved by indignation or pity; and at another we are excited to laughter, as the scene changes. There is abundance of action, comic, tragi-comic, and farcical; and our interest increases in it, as it advances. The author goes upon us as he proceeds, becoming more and more natural and lively in his humor, more true to life in his descriptions." [American Monthly Review.]—"The author is an artist of no ordinary power. His descriptions, though confined to the humble sphere of the village school, are interesting from their wonderful fidelity to nature. We are reminded by them of Mount's Barnfloor Sketches, which in graphic (sic) truth and expressive simplicity we have rarely seen surpassed." [N.-Y. Mirror, 1838.] Compare No. 127. **22 m**

DR. HEIDENHOFF, = No. 232.

DOCTOR JOHNS = No. 233.

under the conditions of daily life, and set them down with a faithfulness that is in touch with nature, yet which never becomes odious by over-analyzing. We are not perfectly sure that every feminine reader will agree with the author in writing down modesty as Dr. West's most impressive trait, but we are sure that there will be found in the book a happy alternation of the thots which sparkle and those which softly shine." [Nation. 23

**DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE** [by W: D. HOWELLS, Boston, 1881.] "Is a novel of New England life, in which Mr. Howells shows his usual skill and humor, and more than an ordinary amount of ingenuity. The plot is founded on an idea which has, so far as we know, not been utilized in fiction before. Dr. Grace Breen is a young New England girl, who represents what Mr. Howells seems to think the modern form of Puritanism, this ancient faith taking in her a moral rather than a religious form, and making her conscience sensitive as regards all her relations with fellow-creatures to a degree unknown in parts of the world unaffected by Puritan traditions. The scene of the story is laid in a seaside "resort" known as "Jocelyn's," where may be found the usual **New England** summer boarding-house, with its visitors from all quarters. Grace Breen having had some years before an unfortunate love affair, in which she had been badly treated by her lover, has adopted the practice of medicine, much as other women enter convents or go out as missionaries—tho Mr. Howells intimates that this is putting the case in rather an exaggerated way; but at any rate, she has chosen this work with the intention of giving her life to it and supporting herself by it...." [Nation. 25

**EARNEST TRIFLER, AN** [by M.. A. SPRAGUE, *Houghton*, 1879.] "This is a clever little love-story of a sort that a clever woman knows best how to tell. Rachel Guerrin, the heroine, is a New England girl, living in a secluded village, throu. which a railroad has been laid out. Two engineers come to the

place, representing two types familiar to novel readers—one the strong, earnest man, given to deep and overwhelming feelings, but poor at the expression of them; the other a gay young butterfly, charming in conversation, agreeable to women from his gayety and society, but more given to expression than to emotion. Both of these gentlemen fall in love with Rachel, and of course, the strong, earnest man married her. Rachel Guerrin is an attractive picture of a girl, brôt up, as so many girls are brôt up nowadays, in a remote and sequestered corner of the world, but admitted, throu literature of all kinds, to a vicarious knowledge of men and cities. Her relations with her two lovers are well described, and her conversation is always bright. Indeed, it is in her dialog that Miss Sprague is at her best. Her conversations are always lively, if possibly a little too witty for real life. The other characters are not good. The strong, earnest man does not justify the intense interest he excites in Rachel's breast, and tho Halstead is much better, it is really Halstead in the act of flirting with Rachel which makes up most of his character as we see it. These flirtations are certainly admirable, but flirtation does not alone make a novel." [Nation. 25

**EAST ANGELS** [by C. F. WOOLSON, *Harper*, 1886.] In this there is nothing so fresh or remarkable as are the opening scenes of Miss Woolson's *Anne*. The movement is intentionally languid, fitted to the surrounding. Evert Winthrop and Margaret Harold, the people to whom Miss Woolson devotes most space, are presented full blown, past the period of growth, and the period of decay still remote. Their completeness is immediately recognized, their stability taken for granted, and it is impossible to stimulate concern about what they do or think or feel. They are so essentially of those to whom life brings no severe tests, no moments when character reels before temptation, that the emotional crisis to which they are subjected in the later chapters provokes neither fear nor

DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER (The) = No.  
236.

DOUGLAS FARM (The) [by MARY  
EMILY (NEELLY) BRADLEY: *Appleton*,  
1856.] "is a pleasant sketch of life in  
**Virginia**. The author writes fluently  
and gracefully, and shōs considerable skil  
in constructing a plot. Thêre ar no start-  
ling events and striking characters in her  
story, which is a simple episode of ordin-  
ary family life; but happily thêy ar not  
needed. The best things in the book ar  
the bits of talk amōng the farm negroes.  
Thêy ar lāfably characteristic." [Al-  
bion. 24 r

EASTFORD [by "Wesley Brooke," i. e., G. LUNT (1803-85): Boston. *Crocker*, 1855.] "is the exhibition of the life of a New-England town throu the characters of its prominent people. We hav nōthing like it for fidelity tō the facts of Yankee life. The characters, tho strongly individualized, ar stil representativ. The author has happily seized the traits both of the past and the present generation, and the interest of the volume depends in no small degree on the exhibition of the struggle, now going on in every **New England** village, between old and new fashioned opinions, practices and people. The clergyman, the physician, the lawyer, the politician, the trader, all hav tō meet the champions of new vues in theology, in medicin, in law, in politics, in reform, in social life. The author leans tōard the conservativs—lōves tō giv them the best of the joke and the argument, and is more thōroly genial in depicting them, than in portraying their opponents; but he stil represents the latter, not as mere embodied opinions, but as men and women, and sōme of the scenes in which they appear, and carry on the duel of controversy, ar quite dramatic . . . The style of the volume is pure, sweet, graceful and vigorous. It is equal tō all the demands of description, narration, conversation, and discussion, varying with unobtrusiv and flexible ease with the variations in the writer's moods, and with the changes in his incidents. The power of description is quite noticeable. The account of the shipwrec, and the scenes in the woods of **Maine**, ar especially vivid and true." [Graham's Magazine.

27

ENDURA = No. 242.



doubt. We know they will come out without damage, and bloom on serenely for many a day.....Garda Thorne is the perpetual bud. On first acquaintance she piques curiosity; even if the matter does not suggest possibilities of development, the reader instinctively looks ahead with expectation. But Garda passes throu the fires of life, her selfishness unimpaired, her capacity for sleep undiminished, and, tho it is not mentioned, probably fulfills the only possibility of young girlhood which we all scorn to contemplate—grows fat. In the delineation of these characters, it is clear that Miss Woolson understands what she means to do, and the fault is comparative worthlessness of design, not defective execution. In representing the passionless, shallow, selfish Garda as a child of the South and of Nature, she is perhaps at fault; aside from her habit of dozing in the sun, Garda is a daughter of the long-conventionalized North. The numerous passages descriptive of **Florida** are the most agreeable and valuable in the book. They are faithful, often vivid, and occasionally reproduce the fantastic impression made upon the imagination by the most unreal and elusive of landscapes." [Nation. 26

EASTFORD [by G: LUNT, *Putnam*. 1855.] **New England.** 27

ECHO OF PASSION, AN. [by G: P. LATHROP, *Houghton*, 1882.]...“There are passages of strong dramatic power, which move one by the very slightness of the means employed; and the conversations, while charged with meaning, are not of the teasing character of those in the former book, because they come from a more real and intense feeling. But the strength of the work is in its masterly development of the central ‘motif’; its unhesitating disclosure of the subtle self-deceit of Fenn, making the lie tell itself throu the story; its fine rendering of the noble wife and of the half-willing temptress, whom we may honorably love and admire if we do not happen to be in Fenn’s situation. The ebb and flow of the passion, its apparent checks yet real accumulation of power,

are true to nature, and the whole story is remarkable for the skill with which very natural and probable incidents are made to present a spiritual conflict.” [Atlantic. 28

ELSIE VENNER [by O. W. HOLMES, Boston: 1861.]....“There is no need of our analyzing ‘Elsie Venner,’ for all our readers know it as well as we do. But we cannot help saying that Dr. Holmes has struck a new vein of New England romance, and the character of the heroine has in it an element of mystery; yet the materials are gathered from every-day **New England** life, and that weird border-land between science and speculation where psychology and physiology exercise mixed jurisdiction, and which rims New England as it does all other lands. The character of Elsie is exceptional, but not purely ideal. In Dr. Kittredge and his ‘hired man,’ and in the principal of the ‘Apollinean Institoot,’ Dr. Holmes has shown his ability to draw those typical characters which represent the higher and lower grades of average human nature; and in calling his work a romance he quietly justifies himself for mingling other elements in the composition of Elsie and her cousin. Apart from the merit of the book as a story, it is full of wit, and of sound tho sometimes hiding behind a mask of humor. Admirably conceived are the two clergymen, gradually changing sides almost without knowing it, and having that persuasion of consistency which men feel, because they must always bring their creed into some sort of agreement with their dispositions.” [Atlantic. 29

END OF THE WORLD, THE [by E: EGGLESTON, N. Y., *Judd*, 1872.] “It is a pleasure to turn to so simple-minded and innocent a story as Mr. Eggleston’s ‘End of the World,’ which is announced on the title-page to be a love story, but which is much more and much better in its way than that. There are the young man and the young woman who are persecuted and separated by heartless parents; they also add to their sufferings by misunderstanding one another; there is the fever, which is epidemic with heroes;

ENGLISH ORPHANS (The). [by M. J. (HAWES) HOLMES: *Appleton*, 1855.] "A certain English gentleman is the happy father of three daughters, two of whom emigrate to America before the opening of the tale, leaving him with the third. The young lady, poor thing, takes it into her head to marry her music-teacher; whereat papa discards her and the consequent babies. Hard times come upon the young couple, and they too are compelled to emigrate. Arrived in this new world, after a time, death enters their circle. First the father dies, then the mother, and a brave little boy, named Frank; while Mary, Ella, and Alice remain, the latter a mere infant. A certain Mrs. Campbell, who in the end turns out to be her aunt, adopts Ella, a pretty doll and as selfish as she is pretty; but Mary, who isn't a bit interesting, and little Alice go to the Poor-house!—This American

Poor-house and its inmates are admirably described. There are the keeper, whose wife is always sick; Miss Grundy, a sort of general factotum who keeps the paupers in order; Mrs. Sal Furbish, a crazed gentlewoman and widow, whose ruling passion is correct grammar; and Uncle Peter, a simple-minded old fellow, who plays doleful tunes on a bad violin. There are other personages and other incidents; but these make the cream of the work. Of course Mary doesn't remain in the Poor-house all her days. She makes friends by the score; has the benefit of a good education; becomes the mistress of a village-school, and finally marries a Mr. George Moreland, who came over in the ship with her—a merry-hearted chap, who teased her as a boy, and loved her as a man. Not much of a plot, perhaps; but there is much merit in the handling of it." [Albion. 30 h

FAITH GARTNEY'S GIRLHOOD [by ADELINE DUTTON (TRAIN) WHITNEY: London, *Low*, 1866.] "is a story which every girl will be the better for reading. Free from the sickly sentimentalism and dreary dulness which characterises so many moral stories, it teaches an admirable lesson without becoming distasteful or tedious. Much of the same humor is visible in it which enlivened "The Gay-worthys" [No. 258], and the same quickness of observation which enabled its author to draw such pleasant pictures of the quiet life of **New England**. Faith Gartney is the daughter of a man of business who suffers losses, and the story of her girlhood tells how her character is refined and tempered by adversity. At first, her life moves rather monotonously, and she finds herself wishing "that something would happen" to give free scope to her energy; but time brings with it sufficient occasions for her to exert herself. She is able to assist and nurse her father during the troubles which come upon him and the illness to which they give rise, and she finds in a number of other cases of affliction and suffering fresh opportunities for doing good. Life, which at first appears purposless, gradually reveals its true meaning to her as she grows older, and, as the fancies of her childhood's days give place to the realities which come with the years in which she grows to womanhood, she recognises the true privileges and duties by which her position in society is attended." [London Review. 30 m FAMOUS VICTORY = No. 245.]

FAR IN THE FOREST [Penn] = No. 690.

FAR-AWAY MELODY (A). [by M.. ELINOR WILKINS: Edinburgh, *Douglas*, 1890.] "Mr. Douglas has done wel tō republish these excellent little stories. The stories wer written, tō quote the author's words, "about the village people of **New England**." Thēy ar studies of the descendants of the Massachusetts Bay colonists, in whōm can stil be seen traces of those features of wil and conscience, so strong as tō be almost exaggerations and deformities, which characterized thēir ancestors. The author has a keen sense of heroism and all which is heroic, and she presents it tō us in various pleasing shapes. Fidelity tō conscience characterizes all the heroes and heroins of her stories, however poor or ignorant or stupid thēy may be. If a complaint must be made it is that we ar not told enuf about the people whō ar introduced. Thēre is no elaboration; no attempt tō trace the grōth of character or tō exhibit the variety of its manifestations. Each story is just an incident. The veil is lifted for the moment from sōme commonplace life tō reveal the divinity which dwels thērein, and then immediately it is drawn down again. We dō not ask ōur author tō giv us more elaborate stories. Probably she knoes her powers best; and many writers would find it easier tō compose elaborate stories than tō exercise the severe self-repression which is necessary tō keep the sketches within these narro bounds. Thēre ar 14 stories in each volume, and it would be a difficult task tō determin which is the best. Nōne certainly is more beautiful than that of Lois in "*Robins and*

*Hammers*," and nōne more pathetic than the little tragedy of "*An Honest Soul*." Thēre is fine humor in "*An Object of Love*" and in "*An Unwilling Guest*." Persons of philanthropic tendencies whō busy themselves with trying tō dō good tō people against thēir wil might with advantage take tō heart the lesson taut in the last-named story, and in the really touching incident recorded in "*A Mistaken Charity*." However purchasers may wel be left tō themselves; thēy ar not likely tō leave any part of the books unread. Grēat literary power may be discerned throuōut; indeed ōnly a true artist in letters could hav presented such subjects as these effectually." [Academy.]—"The poetry of homely things receives good illustration here. The breath of country life cōmes refreshingly from its pages; lilacs, "apple-blōs," "cherry-blōs," balsam and phlox breathe thēir perfumme for us; green country lanes invite us tō a ramble, and many a gray, unpainted cottage opens hospitable doors. The people ar, for the most part, lanky, angular, middle-aged, innoġent and narro-minded; the women predominate, and thēy wēar il-fitting, old-fashioned calico and muslin gowns and rule thēir lives with almost morbid conscientiousness. The men ar ruf and exacting and extremely "sot" in thēir ways; but in men and women alike unsuspected delicacy of sentiment springs up throu the unpromising exterior, as the blue bel peers out throu the crevices of New-Hampshire granit. The sketches sho the unbending pride, the strength of purpos, and the hatred of hypocrisy which mark the true rural New Englander." [Epoch.] See, also, No. 55. 30 w

and finally, of course, they are married. This is all told pleasantly enuf, and in a way which every one will be glad to see in a story which does not pretend to any deep searching of the human heart, but which will, we have no doubt, be very popular among people who do not read most of the best and a multitude of the worst novels every year. But better than that, to our thinking, is the greater novelty of the scene to which the author introduces us, and the amusing people—Second Adventists, **Western** Methodist exhorters, confidence-men, and so forth—whom he has sketched in a very lifelike way. The plot of the story is certainly hackneyed, but there is considerable freshness in the telling of it, and, above all, the author deserves praise for the good-nature and cheerfulness, and the lack of false sentiment, which together make the story better than would its literary merits alone. [Nation.

30

**FARNELL'S FOLLY** [by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, *Lee & Shepard*, 1885.] "The facility with which Mr. Trowbridge always writes is as apparent as ever in his latest novel. The 400 and more pages which are required to tell the story of 'Farnell's Folly' were, we may be sure, not written painfully, nor yet carelessly; but there is a rapidity about the style that makes the movement of the story seem tedious by contrast. As now and then happens with facile writers, the points are often so much insisted on that the characters, while not seemingly exaggerated, still fail to seem natural. Then, a reader objects even to the apparent assumption that he has no discernment whatever. The story is essentially American in its qualities. The people of Waybrook, their environment and traditions, are all in keeping with a village of **Western New York**. Ward Farnell, whose magnificent house was to have been his pride and became his folly, is a type of the successful American, led on to financial ruin by love of display; and some of the minor characters are excellent from the way in which the limitations of their birth and

nurture are portrayed, while their real worth and honesty are not sunk out of sight. Tho the story is American, it is not new; both the incidents and the characters have an exasperating way of seeming to have been already encountered somewhere. This is ordinarily a mark of commonplaceness: yet it may not be disagreeable to many who have grown tired of the strained effort for novelty in much of the current fiction—the painful search for queer types and unused material—to read a novel in which imaginations are not asked to leave the earth, nor even to dwell in strange places." [Nation.

31

**FIRST LOVE IS BEST** [by "GAIL HAMILTON," *Estes & Lauriat*, 1877.] "The thesis of the title is established by the record of the life of a young girl who, after being disappointed by finding one betrothed lover worthless, marries a much better man, and in time learns to love him. The story is told with considerable skill and, of course, with abundant humor. It is surprising to see how a writer whose shrewishness—if we may be allowed the term—has become notorious, should be able to write a story so full of good-humored satire and real sentiment. It is, of course, not a great novel, but it is bright and readable." [Nation.

32

**FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS** [by H. W. CHAPLIN, *Little & Brown*, 1888.] "The time is not lost which is spent in making the acquaintance of the characters in these 'Stories of **New England Life**,' They may be plain people, without romance or legends of any sort, without any tendency towards introspection or fine discrimination in the matter of motives or spirituality; but they have a firm hold on the essentially worthy things in life and character. It is a hold which they maintain by faith, and which serves them through every-day trials and keeps them up to a high level of truth and right. The stories are excellent as stories; they are fine in the simplicity and quietness of their tone. Their interest is unstrained and natural as can be, yet it is always sufficient. They

FARMINGDALE. [by "Caroline Thomas," i. e., JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY) DORR: *Appleton*, 1854.] "If this be a first book, it is a most promising one. We took it up listlessly, a little alarmed at its bulk; but we had hardly read a page, before we felt assured that it was something beyond the common run. Beginning, middle, and end, it is well-sustained.—The tale is a simple one; only the life-history of a couple of orphans, a narrative of trials and final triumphs. But it is powerfully and beautifully told, now rousing you to a bitter but just indignation, and now waking the tears and smiles of pathos and mirth. As a picture of life and manners "Down East," it seems to us to be life itself. Towns like "Farmingdale" are, we believe, scattered all over **New-England**; and men and women like uncle and aunt Graham, (how cordial our detestation of the latter) are not rare. Cruel step-fathers, hard-hearted aunts, and the guardians of the children of the dead generally, should read "Farmingdale" and profit by it; it holds the mirror up to Nature fearfully. And the young folk should read it also, especially the orphans; for it shows how God raises friends for the helpless and unprotected, and how much even the weakest can accomplish, when they work with earnest and willing hearts." [Albion.

30 w

FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI. [by JO. G. BALDWIN: *Appleton*, 1853.] "In the department of humor we think it can not be questioned that Southern writers have excelled. The Georgia Scenes [No. 37 d]—Major Jones' Courtship by Thompson, and Simon Suggs by Hooper, constitute an aggregate of fun the like of which it would be difficult to find in our literature, and here we have a new humorist, who, in our judgment, surpasses them all. The drollery of the writer is irresistible, but apart from this there are graces of style which belong peculiarly to him, and are always appearing in the most delightful manner." [Southern Literary Messenger. · 33 k

are subdued without being dull; they are telling and sincere." [Nation. 33

FOE IN THE HOUSEHOLD, THE [by CAROLINE CHESBRO; Boston; 1871.] "To those who read Miss Chesebro's beautiful story as it appeared from month to month in these [Atlantic's] pages, we need not say much in its praise; for its charm must have been felt already. To one thinking, it deserves to rank with the very best of American fictions, and is surpassed only by Hawthorne's romances and Mrs. Stowe's greatest work. It has a certain advantage over other stories in the freshness of the life and character with which it is employed; but it required all the more skill to place us in intelligent sympathy with the people of the quaint sect from whom most of its persons are drawn. It is so very quietly and decently wrôten, that perhaps the veteran novel-reader, in whom the chords of feeling have been rasped and twanged like fiddle-strings by the hysterical performance of some of our authoresses, may not be at once moved by it; but we believe that those who feel realities will be deeply touched. Delia Holcombe, in her lifelong expiation of her girlish error, is a creation as truthful as she is original; and in her sufferings throu her own regrets, the doubts of her unacknowledged daughter, the persecutions of Father Frost, the unsuspicious tenderness of her second husband, all the high ends of tragedy are attained; and the tragedy is the more powerful since in time it has become a duty rather to hide than to confess her deceit. No book of our time has combined so high qualities of art and morals with greater success than "The Foe in the Household," for which, in the interest of pure taste and sentiment, we could not desire too wide a currency." 34

FOR THE MAJOR [by C. F. WOOLSON, Harper, 1883.].... "We do, however, feel very well acquainted with Mrs. Carroll and the Major, who are the chief personages of the book, living in a mountain village, presumably in North or South Carolina. Mrs. Carroll is a woman well on in years, who masquerades as a young

and childlike wife. . . It is not very difficult for his wife to support the character, which she does with great adroitness. The reader might imagine that her disguise was to be stripped from her finally, and that she was to be turned out of the story in her true character, whereas all the disillusionizing is done deliberately by herself, and it is seen that the one cause for the deception is its justification; for love was at the bottom of it: the love first of a woman grateful to the man who came forward to the relief of her and her child, and then the same love and gratitude taking the form of devotion to the failing husband. The deception, in which the daughter joins, is all for the Major, and when the Major dies the mask falls." [Atlantic.] The charm of the story,—the quiet, placid, refined village life, is hardly indicated in the foregoing extract. 35

FROM FOURTEEN TO FOURSORE [by MRS. SUSAN W. JEWETT, Hurd & Houghton, 1871.]—In the "introduction" to this interesting story, the author informs us that she wrote it "to please herself,"—an assertion well sustained throughout the book, in the character which she has chosen to personate. It might easily pass for the transcript of an old lady's journal and reminiscences, written "with no view to publication," but to gratify a favorite grandchild. We do not mean to imply that it is not also likely to please others, but simply that it is not written in the interest of any theory, or party, or sect—that it is not didactic—that it cannot properly be classed among the "religious" novels, tho there is a good deal of religion in it—that it can hardly be called even a "love story," if that means following the checkered fortunes of two persons throu many fears and joys, doubts and hopes, to the inevitable conclusion. It is rather a collection of several love-passages, with quite the usual amount of cross-purposes, united, however, by the author's personality, to whose own story the main interest of course belongs. It belongs rather to the "quiet" class of novels than the exciting, yet it never degenerates into dulness. The



GAYWORTHYS (The). [by ADELINE DUTTON (TRAIN) WHITNEY: Boston, *Loring*, 1865.] "Stories of New-England life hav a singular charm about them, which every reader must feel, but which it is not easy tō analyze. In thēir descriptions of the scenery on which thēir characters ar accustomed tō gaze, and of the old-fashioned homesteads belonging tō thēir farmers, we seem tō recognize something of the sense of quiet enjoyment which steals over the mind when the eye takes in the tranquil beauty of an English landscape, on a stil Sunday afternoon in Autumn. All which we see appears tō speak of security and content; all nature seems to rest, and something in the sunlight, and the balmy air, and the seldom-broken silence touches the nobler feelings of the heart with its mutè appeal. Throu-ōut 'The Gayworthys,' we ar conscious of this charm. The story of the chequered lives of a few unimportant and undistinguished New-Englanders is so admirably told, and thēir characters ar depicted with so much vigor, cōlor, and humor, that the

book is one which it is a real pleasure tō read, and having read, tō remember. It is interesting, if not exciting, as a story, and as a moral lesson it is admirable. Its effect can not be other than beneficial, and its teaching is as superior tō that of most sermons as its technical merit is tō that of the grēat majority of novels. Stories with a moral ar apt tō be dul; but this is as bright and sparkling as if it made no pretensions tō be improving . . . Very pleasant indeed ar the pictures of country life contained in the story, and of the quiet **New-England** home in which the Gayworthys dwel. Very sweet and touching, too, ar the family portraits, from that of the father, old Dr. Gayworthy, the kind-hēarted, simple-minded patriarch, tō those of Hulda and Ebenezer, the servants of the establishment. The romance in the lives of twō of the daughters, Rebecca and Joanna, is portrayed with true feeling and in very beautiful language." [London Review.] See, also, No. 258.

36 p

mere scenery of the narrative is of the slightest kind, and somewhat too vague, perhaps; but this is far from 'being the case with the sketches of character, which really form the true and permanent value of the book, and are positive additions to our spiritual portrait-gallery. Prominent among these are "Aunt Rebecca," and "Aunt Content"—the two most interesting persons in the book, unless the narrator herself be an exception. Both of these have had their lifelong trials, arising in each instance from disappointed love. But in the one case the lover's death brot the disappointment, and in the other his marriage. There is also a similarity in the two cases, in that both have sisters for rivals; but with the difference that the sister of Aunt Rebecca is a successful rival, and the sister of Aunt Content a disappointed one. Yet the former could be called successful only in a very literal and worldly sense. She is aware that her husband has given her but "a divided heart," the unmarried sister being still the most deeply loved. And in her treatment of this very difficult relation, the author seems to us to have shown rare delicacy and truth of sentiment." [Nation. 36

GEMINI, [Roberts, 1878.] "....An extremely simple and sorrowful little story, [Scene in New Hampshire] evidently by a new author, but bearing a stamp of quiet veracity which is allied more nearly than we sometimes think to the highest art. It is the humblest of tragedies, and has nothing to do with "terror," and little with passion; but it does purify the heart by "pity," as we read. The style reveals, on every page, that deep and ample but hardly conscious culture, still oftenest attained in solitary places by those who go much to books for their own sake only, and not because the demands of conversation or the customs of a social clique require it." [Atlantic.] "It is a singularly touching and realistic picture of village life. Along with the bare, barren, narrow, and forbidding side of New England life and character, it depicts

the homely domestic virtues, the high sense of duty, the loyalty to conviction, the quiet persistence, the tireless struggle against opposing circumstance, which have given New England its moral grandeur and intellectual pr eminence." [Appleton's. 37

GIRL GRADUATE, (A) [by C. P. WOOLLEY, Boston, 1889.] "Is a product of New England culture unimpaired. Everything is decorous and honest and uplifting, and there is either no grammar at all, or a great deal of it, very inflexible and stately. The girl graduate has the grammar, while her family and friends have it not; and one of the problems which, at 18, confront her is how she may gain an entrance into those charming circles where it is believed to be pretty evenly distributed. Maggie Dean is the daughter of an illiterate machinist, and would be described by an Englishman as "a young person educated above her station." To Maggie's father, as to thousands of American fathers of the same class, the English phrase is meaningless. They are accustomed to knowing that their women are finer than they, and in their hearts, are proudest when "one of the girls" is like unto the owl for wisdom and the bird of paradise for plumage. To those fond and guileless men she cannot have been educated above her station, for does not her education makes her equal with the best? It is left to the girl herself to find out that it does not, and then comes the bitter hour. In the story of the 'Bread-winners', the worst consequences to a girl's nature of recognition of this disappointing truth are described with a stern disregard of popular sentiment. It would be pleasant to be able to believe that the Maggie of that famous story is exceptional and Mrs. Woolley's Maggie typical; but we fear that the anonymous author generalized from the wider experience, and that his views about the effect of high-school education upon the multitude were less rosy. Still, it is cheerful to have Maggie Dean purged of vulgar ambitions by the fire of social snubbing, and developing a refinement which does not always accom-

GEORGIA SCENES [by A. : BALDWIN LONGSTREET (1790-1870): Augusta, Georgia, 1836.] "is most heartily welcome. The author, whoever he is, is a clever fello, imbued with a spirit of the truest humor, and endowed, moreover, with an exquisitely discriminativ and penetrating understanding of character in general, and of Southern character in particular . . . Seldom hav we lăfed as immoderately over any book as over this . . . The second Article is "The Dance, a Personal Adventure of the Author" in which the oddities of a bacwoods reel ar depicted with inimitable force, fidelity and picturesque effect. "The Horse-swap" is a vivid narration of an encounter between the wits of twö Georgian jockies. This is excellent in every respect—but especially in its delineations of Southern bravado, and the keen sense of the ludicrous evinced in the portraiture of the steeds." [Southern Literary Messenger. **37 d**

pany the knowledge gained from books." [Nation. 38

GOOD INVESTMENT, (A) [by W. J. FLAGG, *Harper*, 1872.] "Is an account of life in Southern Ohio, apropos of the rise in the world of a bright young boy. The story is unaffectedly written, the romance is pleasant, if not madly exciting, no more are the ordinary flirtations of other people, and we are glad to recommend the book as a good step in the right direction on the part of an American novel-writer. There is a good deal of truth of local coloring in the figure of the old man whose lands were the subject of the investment. Not so good is the love-story, with its haps and changes; and perhaps the novel tries to contain too much, but, as we say, it may be awarded a word of praise." [Nation. 39

GRAYSONS, (THE) [by E. EGGLESTON, *Century Co.*, 1888.] "Mr. Eggleston's pictures of western life are always worth reading. In 'The Graysons' he has introduced as one of his characters Abraham Lincoln—the main incident of the story being the acquittal of the hero of a charge of murder throu Lincoln's dramatic exposure, on the trial, of the perjury of the principal witness for the prosecution. The plot of the story is simple enuf, and is made the means of introducing us to Illinois life of a generation ago or more. The dialect is carefully given, and most of the characters drawn with distinct individuality and interest. The Graysons themselves, Tom, Barbara, and the old mother, are very well portrayed, and the attempts to lynch Tom furnish lively reading. Mr. Eggleston would probably disclaim all intention to idealize, nevertheless he contrives to infuse a dash of romance into early Western life which possibly is not true to nature, yet is not on that account necessarily reprehensible." [Nation. 40

GREAT DOCTOR, (THE) [by ALICE CARY] "is one of the best stories of life in the middle West ever written." [Howells. 41

GREAT MATCH, (THE) [by M.. P.

(WELLS) SMITH, *Roberts*, 1877.] "This book is full of spring and summer coloring, apt to the approaching season on the eve of which it appears, and it drops from the press with an inspiring click as of the first baseball which flies from the bat, announcing the end of winter. It is in fine, a bright, attractive story of base-ball matches, and matches of a more gentle sort, agreeably peppered with villainy in small quantities, so as to sustain the relish. But there is so much clever observation of character, such charming description of nature, such excellent humor lightened by refinement, that the book—dealing with a popular American theme hitherto untouched—is a notable triumph of current story-writing." [Atlantic. 42

GUARDIAN ANGEL, (THE) [by O. W. HOLMES, *Fields*, 1867.] 43

HANNAH THURSTON [by BAYARD TAYLOR, *Putnam*, 1864.] "....a very remarkable book, a really original story admirably told, crowded with lifelike character, full of delicate and subtle sympathy, with ideas the most opposite to the author's, and lighted throuout with that playful humor which suggests always wisdom, rather than mere fun..... Yet there are a dozen characters interwoven into the plot of this book, everyone of whom is to the reader as a remembered friend, a living and moving figure, whom he can recognize as if he were in the flesh, whose action he can study, and in whom the slightest incoherence would startle him as incoherences in actual life might do..... Hannah Thurston takes as her part the advocacy of woman's rights, becomes a lecturer so like, and yet so different from, the Dinah of 'Adam Bede,' and at 30 renounces marriage in favor of the mission she fancies herself called to perform. She is at the height of her village influence, recognized by all as a woman whom it is possible for men to love, yet with something in her beyond womanhood, when she meets Maxwell Woodbury, Mr. Taylor's type of a man, who may be shortly described as a good 'Rochester,' and finds her theories

imperfect. The plot consists in the gradual victory of earthly love over Hannah's dreamy imagination, the slow recognition, worked out with exquisite art, of the great truth that woman desires a place in the world which is not that of man's equal ally." [Spectator. 44

HARMONIA [by M. A. OLNEY, *Macmillan*, 1888.] "The most salient feature of 'Harmonia' is its length, but, after enduring for a season, one learns to pity, and in a mild degree embrace, even as a sojourner in some dull village passes from apathy to observation, and thence to interest in the prosy annals of the place. 'Harmonia' disarms criticism by styling itself a chronicle; wisely, for there is no plot, no construction, no climax, but day upon day of little doings. The persons are chiefly English settlers of to-day in a wholly unreconstructed Southern State [Virginia] who are trying to build a town, farm the land, and make their fortunes. The juxtaposition of English and the native blacks makes a contrast in races effective and new. The few white Americans who appear are mainly "poor" trash," or swindling land-agents, or shirking clergymen. The exceptions are one or two American women who, spite of the inevitable English appointments for American women of hobbies and divorces, are meant to be, and are, attractive characters. In other words, it is an English view of life on American soil; the livers being English, under the not unpicturesque phase of a new settlement in a region comparatively old. It is observable that this gives the English a capital chance to have the best of it, and we must own to sharing the wicked American land-agent's regret that the foreign settlers should buy the land, obtain influence, and yet despise the privileges of citizenship. The wicked land-agent's revenge even Americans must deplore, but it is well to allude to it, that those intending to read the book may perceive that it is not wholly without the scent of battle. There is burglary, there is kidnapping, there are snakes, but not to any uncomfortable ex-

tent. Naturally arise the discussions of a thousand topics—personal, social, and political—which are treated with honesty and spirit. The negro portraits are especially lifelike, tho not from most agreeable originals. The English colony, as hinted, absorbs most of the merit and the spoils. Among its numbers are some very real persons, and the chronicle of their very real doings, told with humor and zest, will have an attraction for those who like pictures of life and manners rather than form and dramatic quality—pictures. let it be added, nearly coequal in extent with the original occurrences." [Nation. 45

HIGH-LIGHTS [by C. (WHITNEY) FIELD, *Houghton*, 1886.] "It is rather a pretty idyl, narrating how a neat-handed Phyllis, of rare domestic and intellectual accomplishments, ensnared the heart of a wandering knight of the pen and brush. It is very nice to know that intellectual giants on a holiday become as babes. The melancholy 'Jaques' doing 'Silvius' unbeknown would not offer a more refreshing spectacle. The sophisticated intelligence has some difficulty in accepting the probability of such transformation, but to the author of 'High-lights' it is evidently as natural, easy, and positive a process as breathing." [Nation. 46

HILLSBORO' FARMS [by S. D. COBB, 1868.] 47

HIS GRANDMOTHERS [by H. (S.) CAMPBELL, *Putnams*, 1877.] "In this book (which surely has not a title suggestive of amorous frenzy) we find the grandson's wife's friend becoming engaged to the husband's partner. While this concession is made to the tastes of the inveterate reader of novels, there is also a good deal that is really entertaining in the poor wife's story of the two grandmothers-in-law who planted themselves in her home. One was an amiable, silly creature, while the other was a domestic tyrant of the most virulent kind. She bullied her granddaughter and petted her easily-beguiled grandson; she bôt a pig and cow, and then put the family, excepting the grandson, on short allow-

HILLS OF THE SHATEMUC [by SUSAN WARNER (1819-85): *Putnam*, 1856.] "has many of the characteristics of 'Queechy,' [No. 117 s] but fewer of the faults. Like that, it is diffuse, and in parts dull; but like that, also, it betrays marked originality, vigor of conception, lively dialog, and, occasionally, beautiful description. Nor do we find in this work what was a recommendation to some, but an offense to us, in her former work—a too frequent and even violent introduction of peculiar religious sentiments. The piety of it is just as decided, but more lovely; the characters have more breadth and variety, and the incidents, we think, are managed with greater artistic skill." [Putnam's. 46 r

ance of skimmed milk, making insufficient butter from the cream, while she sold two quarts of good milk to a neighbor for her own emolument. In a word, she exhausted nearly all the methods of refined cruelty which have such frequent and crushing effect in the enforced intimacy of family life. The story ends with the curtness of one of Mother Goose's melodies; but there is a good deal of humor in this amusing sketch which could find better employment in a real story. The writer has the unfortunate gift of clear-sightedness, and at times she shows considerable cleverness, as in her description of her own character." [Nation. 48]

**HIS LITTLE ROYAL HIGHNESS** [by RUTH OGDEN, *E. P. Dutton & Co.*, 1887.] "Is a story of our **New Jersey** coast in the vicinity of New York. We recommend it as truthful, wholesome, and entertaining, and helpful in the cultivation not only of good morals, but of literary taste." [Nation. 49]

**HIS SECOND CAMPAIGN** [by M. THOMPSON: *Osgood*, 1883.] "Its opening description of a secluded mountain valley, in Northern **Georgia**, and its residents and belongings, is a prose idyl of exquisite beauty, rich in the poetry and color of rural life, and framing a figure of perfect maiden loveliness. The story is told with spirit and vivacity, and it is affluent of striking situations and incidents illustrative of contrasted phases of the social life of the South and North." [Harper's. 50]

**HONORABLE SURRENDER, (AN)** [by M. ADAMS, *Scribner*, 1883.] "..... The heroine is living in the village of Unity, beating the wings of her desires and expectations against the bars of a narrow and monotonous fate. Until the age of 16 she has taken the ups and downs of life with her father, a rather discreditable and wholly shifty Irishman, till, finding a grown daughter an encumbrance, he has let her take up her abode with her mother's **New England** kinsfolk, and here Mr. Kenneth Lawrence finds her. The story offers excellent opportunities, and the sit-

uations are well chosen. The chief fault of the book lies in the character of Alice, who proves incapable of duty, love, or passion, and has little interest or sympathy with life except for its value and consequences to herself." [Lippincott's. 51]

**HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, (THE)** [by E. EGLESTON, *Judd & Co.*, 1872.] "The scene of the story is in Hoopole County, **Indiana**, a locality which we hope the traveler would now have some difficulty in finding, and in a neighborhood settled, apparently, by poor whites from Va and Ky, sordid Pennsylvania Germans, and a sprinkling of 'cute, dishonest Yankees. The plot is very simple and of easy prevision from the first, being the struggles of Ralph Hartsook with the young idea in the district school on Flat Creek, where the twig was early bent to thrash the schoolmaster. He boards round among the farmers, starting with "old Jack Means," the school trustee, whose son Bud, the most formidable bully among his pupils, he wins to his own side, and whose daughter, with her mother's connivance, falls in love with him and resolves to marry him. But the schoolmaster loves their bound-girl Hannah, and makes enemies of the mother and daughter; and they are not slow to aid in the persecution which rises against him, and ends in his arrest for a burglary committed by the gang of the neighborhood, including some of the principal citizens of Flat Creek. Of course it comes out all right, tho the reader is none the less eager because he foresees the fortunate end. The story is very well told in a plain fashion, without finely studied points." [Atlantic. 52]

**HOPE'S HEART-BELLS** [by SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER, *Lippincott*, 1884.] "in spite of its romantic title, is a very pretty and sensible story of a rural **Quaker** family, and, besides the pleasant diction of the Friends, preserves their just and kindly spirit and their quiet ways. Now that the Puritan girl has had her turn in literature and almost vanished, no heroine quite so well fulfils the Novelist's ideal of

HOMESPUN [by "T: Lackland," i. e. G: CANNING HILL: N.-Y., *Hurd*, 1867.] "is a very pleasant and sketchy book, full of quiet pictures from the **New-England** life of the past generation, redolent with the sights and pleasures and experiences of the country. The articles on Sunday in the Country, the Town Meeting, the Country Minister, and the District School are extremely suggestiv." [Church Monthly.

50 s

HOMEWARD BOUND [by J. A. FENNIMORE COOPER (†, 1851): Phil'a, *Lea*, 1838.] "is exclusively a 'tale of the sea,' of which element the reader never loses sight. There is no naval fight or chance of a fight; and, with the exception of the romantick (sic) and lively wrôts scenes with the children of the desert, the author has principally relied for his effects on the delineation and contrast of character among his dramatis personæ. The narrative is chiefly carried on by way of dialog; relieved where necessary by description; and by means of those characteristick (sic) and conversational sketches, and the occasional 'stage directions' of the author,

the reader rapidly becomes as intimate with Eve Effingham, her family, and her lovers; with Captain Truck, his mate, his steward, and their subordinates; with Mr. Monday, an English commercial traveler; and Mr. Dodge, an American rank-loving and mob-worshipping provincial editor, as if he had himself traversed the Atlantick (sic) and combated the Arabs in their company. Collectively these personages form an admirable gallery of portraits, illustrating each his class. The author-artist is, we think, entitled to his commendation, not only for his skill, but for his impartiality. The portraits are distinguished not merely as interesting and effective specimens of American art; but as faithful and spirited resemblances of their European and American archetypes. The most original and effective, the most characteristic (sic), edifying, and from its very excess of excellence, offensive, is that of Steadfast Dodge, Esq. This portrait alone would entitle Mr. Cooper to a place among the first-rate literary portrait-painters of his or of any age." [N.-Y. Mirror, 1838.

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an *ingénue* as the Quaker maiden, for her very limitations are an added charm, making her remain forever in great part an unsophisticated child, seeing with the pure, clear eyes of wonder, reverence, and faith. Hope herself is a very attractive creation, and we are glad to have her retain the pretty "thee" and "thy" in her speech to the end of her history." [Lippincott's. 53]

HOUSE OF YORKE, (THE) [by M.. AGNES TINCKER: *Catholic Publishing Society*, 1872.] "This rather curious story has in it much good feeling, much good thinking, some pretty poetry in prose, some clever tho slight sketching of character, some very unreal and clumsily constructed simulacra of living human beings, some humor, much refinement, which seems to have been at one time pained, but which attracts. As a novel, the "House of Yorke" is not at all or very little, skilful or interesting, tho there are some good scenes and situations. Notably there is a love scene between Miss Clara and her lover which a very old novel-reader will enjoy, as, indeed, he will enjoy most which that young lady is and does and says, as well as most which is said and done and been by her father before her. Those two figures stand quite lifelike, especially when the young lady's notion of a "Dick" is about, or the hero Carl—a most virginal conception, who being alive would be meritorious of instant death. All the Yorke family, in fact, are apparently taken from the life, and if they are hardly a well-composed and well-painted group, they make a very good photographic group, well colored. We must praise also for its interest some portions of the story which seem to us very good as transcripts of the thôts and feelings of a child under certain circumstances. Fresh, sincere, and interesting this part of the book seems to us, tho here and there marked by a crudeness and want of reserve which speak of youth in the artist, and of an untrained hand, but which will not prevent her conciliating the good-will of those who make her ac-

quaintance. There is, however, good reading in this poor novel. One may read it with great pleasure if one is an enthusiastic Roman Catholic; or even if one's self is not an enthusiastic Roman Catholic, but likes to observe the "flame of sacred vehemence" and little sense in other people; and one may read it with a pleasant and laudable triumph and indignation, if one is a well-grounded protestant, and either thinks the Pope of Rome a very designing personage or a much misguided old man. Our readers will find, besides these things, some things that are good and pleasant, and for the sake of these they will readily forgive the writer her violence of anti-Protestantism. As she would perhaps tell us in like case—she may very well be forgiven, because she evidently must have personally experienced a very poor sort of Protestantism or she would never have turned Papist. With which piece of abuse in return for all that we have endured from her in going throu her book, and with an invocation of the glorious and immortal memory of the last King William but one, the Dutch traitor, namely, who won the battle of the Boyne, we take leave of our agreeable author." [Nation. 54]

HUMBLE ROMANCE, (A) [by M.. E. WILKINS, *Harper*, 1887.] "These stories of **New England** country people are written with a power of characterization that is unusually effective. The author has seized upon a number of well-defined types—the poor girl who has "lived out" all her life and finally runs away with the peddler; the old woman who pieces quilts for a living, and, fearing she has defrauded her employers, rips them up and does her work all over by mixing the pieces again; the girl who promised her dying father to pay the mortgage, and does it, going without adornments and losing her betrothed; two old women taken from their poor dwelling by well-meaning friends to the "Old Ladies' Home," and languishing in homesickness there till they finally desert their luxurious quarters by stealth and make their way back to their previous

HUCKLEBERRIES. [by ROSE (TERRY) COOKE (†, 1892): *Houghton*. 1891.] "Whoever has tasted the delight of gathering and eating huckleberries on some rocky New-England hillside, or in sweetfern-scented pasture, will appreciate the fitness of this title. All lovers of human nature relish the peculiar flavor of the old **New-England** character-product of stern and rugged natural surroundings, ruled over by a capricious climate and somewhat twisted by the force of spiritual winds, prevalently easterly—and Mrs. Cooke has portrayed many differing types of this character with all their delightful inconsistencies. "*Grit*" and "*Odd Miss Todd*" illustrate that unexpectedness in human nature which relieves the monotony of existence everywhere, and causes the narrow horizon of village life to broaden out illimitably; while certain other stories in the collection show forth the steadfast courage, the shamefaced tenderness, and the dogged obstinacy (sometimes called "pure cussedness") which, in combination, produce the full-flavored human fruit of New England soil. Mrs. Cooke herself possesses the gift which she ascribes to some of her characters, of seeing beauty in its humblest manifestations, and she also possesses a rarer gift—the power of unsealing the eyes of others to behold this beauty." [Nation. 54 r

abode; the little old maid devoted to her cat, and doubting the existence of a beneficent Providence when he is lost—these are a few of the themes upon which Miss Wilkins employs her talent; and simple as they are, she casts them into forms which impress us by their faithfulness, their careful reproduction of rustic traits, and their recognition of the human attributes of love, devotion, forbearance, patience, and honesty, which underlie the scant, pitiful, narrow lives whose experiences and conditions she describes so well. Miss Wilkins has a realistic touch that is singularly effective, and at the same time her comprehension of inner motives is inspired by the revelations of a refined imagination. The simplicity, purity, and quaintness of her stories set them apart from the outpouring of current fiction in a niche of distinction where they have no [?] rivals." [Boston "Literary World." 55

IN THE CLOUDS [by "C: E. CRADDOCK," *Houghton*, 1887.] "The author's power of realizing the ruf native types with which she deals is known to all readers, as well as that subtlety by which she discerns the core of sweetness and goodness that is in them... To be sure, the heroine, the beautiful, bewildered, faithful, loving, fearless Alethea, with that quaint and fleeting charm which we have learned to know in her and in her sister heroines, goes quietly mad, in the pathetic and attractive guise which insanity so often assumes in fiction. But we do not greatly object to this; young girls involved in such tragical coils do sometimes go mad. A truer character than either of these is the country lawyer Harshan, who is ascertained with extraordinary accuracy, and who lives in mind and person before us... But the various groups in the mountaineers' cabins and moonshiners' caves, in the county court-room, and the "settlement" groceries, as well as in the mirrored vestibules of the Nashville hotels and the marble halls of legislation, are forcibly and faithfully done." [Howells. 56

IN THE DISTANCE [by G: P

LATHROP, *Osgood*, 1882.] "It is Monad-noc which is 'In the Distance,' dominating the lives of the personages of the story, tho the author, aware that this is not the effect of mountains upon the immediate dwellers thereby, imports his dramatis personae, the keepers of a summer holiday and the young new clergyman of the village. This **New England** story is not uninteresting, and some of the situations are almost thrilling; but there was a subtlety in the original conception which only a stronger imaginative power could realize. The hero has a force and a nobility which compel belief in him; but we could wish that he had been left to himself to discover the folly and selfishness of his very self-denial. Proofs of keen and delicate observation are not wanting." [Nation. 57

IN THE GRAY GOTH] "Of Miss E.. S. Phelps' short stories we like most "In the Gray Goth," an incident of life among the lumbermen of the **Maine** woods, very simple, powerful, and affecting, and of an unstrained human quality which the gifted author too seldom consents to give us."

[Howells] See "Men, Women and Ghosts."

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS [by "C: E. CRADDOCK," *Houghton*, 1884.] "A collection of detached stories not unfrequently produces upon the mind the rather unfortunate impression that any one of them is more and better than all taken together as a whole. Not so with Mr. Craddock's. True, he needed to tell but one story to prove his power as a simple narrator, who can catch a single incident, sketch in strong lines the few characters involved, and throw it all in high relief against a broad background with a power of conception and of execution almost simultaneous. But the 8 stories now grouped under the title of 'In the **Tennessee Mountains**' present in their total effect something much more than mere short stories. We have not only one mountain valley, but a whole country of hills—not a man and a woman here and there, but the people of a whole district—not merely a day of winter or of summer,

but all the year.... A like felicity has fallen to Mr. Craddock. His vivid pictures of the rufeness and loneliness of a wild country are not painted for their own sake, but because if we know them our hearts will be stirred by the sorrow and the joy of the life that is spent there. It is a hard life: the men are uncouth and stern, at the best; at the worst, wicked as only borderers can be. The women are gaunt and melancholy: "holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass; holding them out always, and always empty." But side by side with them is that strange miracle of young girlhood. We find it again and again as we find the wild rose lending tender beauty to the grim story. It may be rather the result of the grouping of the stories than of any plan of the writer, but he has enforced anew that saying of George Eliot's: "In these delicate vessels is borne onward throu the ages the treasure of human affections." The reader cannot forget them, for they remain in his thôt as a saving grace to those lawless communities. It is hardly needful to add that the style is admirable, with marked characteristics of its own which extend beyond the mere expression, and produce at times an effect of rhythm, not of words, but of thôt—if such a thing is possible. "The 'harnt' that walked Chillowhee" has all the power of a pathetic refrain in music." [Nation. 59]

INSIDE OUR GATE [by C. (CHAPLIN) BRUSH, *Roberts*, 1889.] "A book by the author of 'The Colonel's Opera Cloak' is sure of a public, and those who venture 'Inside Our Gate' will find wholesome cheer. The book is not a story like the former one—in fact, it is not a story at all, but a chronicle of home life, such as must appeal nearly to all who are set in families, and must give to the solitary a sense of domesticity. One would like, provided one had not maltreated an animal, to be shriven at the hands of so gentle and so humorous a priestess as presides over this home altar. The story of her housekeeping, her children, her maid-ser-

vants and their lovers, her cats and dogs and birds, is full of naturalness and charm. A humorous realism gives the book its leading motive, altho pathos is not wanting. The chapter describing the scene between the Scotch servant, Tibbie, and her braw wooer, the baker, is as amusing a presentment of Caledonianism as has found its way into print." [Nation. 60]

IS THAT ALL? [by HARRIET W. PRESTON, *Roberts*, 1877.] "Is as slight as possible, altho, in a very innocent and gentle way, it approaches the amusing. It reads like the work of an inexperienced hand, of some one who is not overburdened with the results of long observation and study, and who yet in time may be able to fill out substantially the wavering outlines of figures introduced as human beings. The characters are as unsubstantial as paper dolls, they are visible only when one looks directly at them; when they are not just before the reader, there is only a faint line to denote their presence, whereas in some books, one feels conscious of the people he reads about almost as if he were in the same room with them. A despairing sense of this feebleness of touch would seem to have inspired the author with the appropriate title of the story, which describes the social complications of a winter in an old-fashioned **New England** village. The plot, altho as transparent as an enigma in a jest-book, manages to be the means of introducing some mild social satire." [Nation. 61]

JOHN BRENT [by THEODORE WINTHROP, *Ticknor*, 1864.] "The scene is placed in the wild **Western plains**, among men entirely free from the restraints of conventional life; and the book has a buoyancy and brisk vitality, a dashing, daring, and jubilant vigor, such as we are not accustomed to in ordinary romance of American life. ....Helen, the heroine of the story, is a more puzzling character to the critic; but, on the whole, we are bound to say that she is a new development of womanhood. The Author exhausts all his resources in giving "a local

ISLAND NEIGHBORS [Martin's  
Vineyard] = No. 276.

JACOB SCHUYLER'S MILLIONS  
[New-Jersey] = No. 759.

JAMES MOUNTJOY. [by AZEL  
STEVENS ROE (†, 1886): *Appleton*,  
1850.] "The scene, characters, and plot  
are all purely American. No locality is  
named, but it is evident to anyone at all  
acquainted with the country that it must  
be somewhere in the [New] Jersey  
Pines. It should seem improbable that  
such a state of society should exist within  
a day's sail of so prosperous a city as Phila-  
delphia, but it is nevertheless true, and  
as far as we have examined the work we  
have no doubt that it is a truthful repre-  
sentation of what life in the Pines is,  
and what by industry and enterprise it  
may become." [National Era. 61 f

JOHN ANDROSS [Pennsylvania]  
= No. 279.

JOHN BODEWIN'S TESTIMONY =  
[Idaho] = No. 766.

habitation and a name" to this fond creation of his imagination, and he has succeeded. Helen Clitheroe promises to be one of those "beings of the mind" which will be permanently remembered." [Atlantic. 62

JOHN WARD. PREACHER [by MARGARET (CAMPBELL) DELAND, *Houghton*, 1888.] "The author has here

given a picture of that 'rara avis' a logical Calvinist. Any real Calvinist is at this hour rare; one who accepts the full consequences of his faith always has been. J: Ward believed in the damnation of the heathen, and more, in the damnation of all who disbelieved in damnation—of all who, to quote one of his elders, were not "grounded on hell." This is also professedly the belief of thousands to-day, who yet eat, drink, and are merry. J: Ward believed, suffered, crucified himself, and fell a martyr to his faith at his own hands, in a fashion logical, but hardly natural. One must admire the sublime acquiescence and loyalty of his wife; yet, in following her course, it is impossible not to feel that the alloy of a little natural self-assertion furnishes a necessary working quality in the imperfect affairs of humanity, and that Helen Ward was nearly as great a foe to domestic peace from one extreme, as were, from the other, Psyche and Elsa of Brabant. J: Ward's concerns, however, are not the only, perhaps not the main, interest of the book. The village of Ashurst supplies some charming scenes of country life, drawn with the tender grace and quaintness in which the poet of 'The Old Garden' dipped an earlier pen. Dr. Howe's figure is an especially individual one. He is the genial rector of the village, whose theology is wholly perfunctory, whose kindness of heart is wholly real. It is as impossible not to be fond of him as it is to feel that in any crisis he would prove a stronghold. Mammon has no temptations for him, but common sense has, in situations where common sense is a blunder, or at least a crime. About the village spinsters and the elderly village bachelor, and the loves and rivalries and

incompleted lives of Asnurst, hangs an old-time fragrance, as of a grandmother's rose-jar; but only a modern novelist (or a Greek poet) could have stated and left unsolved so many questions touching on tragedy." [Nation. 63

JOLLY GOOD TIMES [by "P. THORNE," *Roberts*, 1875.] "Not only deserves its title, but the further praise of being pronounced a jolly good book. We took it up without much expectation of reward, because country life has been a hard-worked theme, and many of the stories about it have had nothing whatever to recommend them beyond the natural attraction of the subject for city children. On this occasion, however, the author has something definite to tell. The Kendall children and their neighbors and playmates live in the Connecticut Valley, not far from Deerfield, and we are given a sketch of their life during one period from the breaking-up of winter till the appearance of snow just after Thanksgiving. The merit of the story lies in its evident biographical truth. It is very plain that "P. Thorne" writes from memory and observation, and not from pure fancy. The result is a charming local picture, quite worth the attention of English boys and girls, as showing what **New England** life is in a respectable farmer's family—plain folk, who do their own work, but entirely free from the low-comic variety of Yankee talk and manners too often deemed essential to the success of a New England story." [Nation. 64

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND [by BAYARD TAYLOR, *Putnam*, 1870.] "Is a book of a different kind, addressed to a less numerous class of readers—those who prefer the pleasing manner in which a story is told to ingenuity of plot or extravagance in incident. It is a very quiet story, indeed, of simple country **Pennsylvania** life, but it never relapses into dullness, and it will teach the ethical purpose of the writer more effectually than a highly wrōt romance could do, tho it were it ever so exciting." [Scribner's

Monthly.

**65**  
KAVANAGH, A TALE [by H: W. LONGFELLOW, Boston, 1849.] ".... as far as it goes, Kavanagh is an exact daguerreotype of **New England** life. We say daguerreotype, because we are conscious of a certain absence of motion and color, which detracts somewhat from the vivacity, tho not from the truth, of the representation. From Mr. Pendexter with his horse and chaise, to Miss Manchester painting the front of her house, the figures are faithfully after nature. The story, too, is remarkably sweet and touching. The two friends, with their carrier-dove correspondence, give us a pretty glimpse into the trans-boarding-school disposition of the maiden mind, which will contrive to carry every day life to romance, since romance will not come to it." [J. R. Lowell, in *North American Review*.]

**66**  
KING OF FOLLY ISLAND, (THE) [by S.. O. JEWETT, *Houghton*, 1888.] Miss Jewett "....is more touched by what is cheery and lovely in them than by what is gloomy and stern. They come to her in idyllic shapes, if it be not a contradiction in terms to call the homely little dramas in which they figure idyllic. Her knowledge of **New England**, reveals the letter as well as the spirit of what is most characteristic therein, but somehow, as she reveals it, the letter is illuminated with the spirit. She has drawn no character which is not true to his or her environment and temperament, which is not vital and individual, and which does not think, feel, and talk as the same person would in life. If her readers do not feel this, it is because they are ignorant of the people who, and the manners which, are the subjects of her art, not because her art is defective. It is affectionate, pathetic, exquisite. Nothing more exquisite than "Miss Tempy's Watchers" was ever written. [R: H: Stoddard.]

**67**  
LAD'S LOVE, (A) [by ARLO BATES, *Roberts*, 1887.] This is a summer story, and in its way, is perfect. The scenic back-

ground is given with admirable distinctness, the characters are all refined, the incidents natural, the talk, of which there is much, clever and amusing in a high degree. It is moreover, as befits a thoroly cheerful story, the chaff and humor of youth, rather than the wit and sarcasm of middleage, which, even when best deserved, are apt to leave a somewhat melancholy impression. "There is a good deal of what artists term 'atmosphere' in 'A Lad's Love'—a tale of summer life at **Campobello**. [Compare "April Hopes"]. The wonderful panorama of sea and sky, with a charm of color that always sets one dreaming of Mr. Black's descriptions of the Hebrides, are mirrored in these pages, and the usual social drama of watering-place life is graphically pictured.... The story is furthered developed in the arrival of Mrs. Van Orden's daughter, a young lady of 17 with the aplomb of 25, to whom in time the "lad's" love is dexterously transferred by the elder lady. The usual excursions and picnics diversify the progress of the love-making (of which there is an abundance), and the analysis of the emotional nature of a young man of 20, of fine temperament, ardent feeling, and deprived of a mother's love, is perhaps, the finest thing in the book, and is so subtly and delicately told as to be quite worthy of Mr. Bates."

[Boston "Traveller." **68**  
LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK, (THE) [by W: D. HOWELLS, *Houghton*, 1879.] "The demure "Lady" with her unconscious, wild-rose freshness, has made friends on all sides: the book has been already handed over to Art, and its good things not merely enjoyed, but enjoyed in the fastidious and epicurean way in which Mr. Howells's writings always insist upon being read. It is a style that does not aim at large effects, but in which a "point" is made in every other sentence, and every point tells. And there is something more than realism in these pictures. Never perhaps have the **New England** provincialisms been rendered in so attractive and truly artistic a manner as in the delineation

LANMERE. [by JULIA CAROLINE (RIPLEY) DORR: N.-Y., *Mason*, 1856.]  
 "Mrs. Dorr's second novel justifies the praise we bestowed upon her first, "Farm-  
 ingdale" [No. 30 w]. It is a truthful,  
 but by no means flattering, picture of  
 certain phases of life and thôt in **New-  
 England**. The hard practicality and  
 narrow sense of duty which is said tō pet-  
 rify many ôtherwise estimable persons  
 Down-East, and represses or maddens all  
 whō cōme in contact with them, could  
 scarcely be more strikingly and consis-  
 tently drawn. Mrs. Dorr's mind is a  
 clear and calm ône; she thōroly under-  
 stands the evil she satirizes, and knoes  
 how tō be just, even whêre she condemns."  
 [Albion. 70 f

LAST ASSEMBLY BALL (*Idaho*) =  
 No. 786.



of the heroine, where they impart an individuality and a quaint half-awkward grace such as some British novelists have drawn from a use of the Scotch dialect or of a foreign accent. Lydia is a rare and charming personation, a heroine who is distinctly and honestly countrified without a tinge of vulgarity, and who, tho taking but a modest share in the conversation of which the book is full, never for a moment loses her individuality or incurs the reproach of tameness." [Lippincott's. 69

LAND OF THE SKY, (THE) [by "CHRISTIAN REID," *Appleton*, 1876.] "trifling as it is, is pleasant reading, tho more as a guide-book than as a novel. The little band of southern youths and maidens, who have already seen good service in this author's stories, here rest from their more serious labors and take a trip together throu the mountains in and about the western part of **North-Carolina**. This comparatively unknown region must be full of interest to those who are not afraid of ruf fare, and it is well described, with all the attendant incidents of swollen streams, slippery rocks, and steep climbs, in this book. For the sentimental reader there is a full supply of harmless flirtations." [Nation. 70

LATE MRS. NULL, (THE) [by F. R: STOCKTON, *Scribner*, 1886.] "The book is delightfully unmoral. The characters go their several ways, undetermined by any noble ends or high designs; they behave like ordinary mortals in a world which is not troubled by strainings of conscience; there are dilemmas, but they are not the dilemmas of a moral universe; there is a logic, but it is the logic of circumstance, and rewards and punishments are served out by a justice so blind as not to know her left hand from her right.... So we follow the inns and outs of the late Mrs. Null and her fellow characters with scarcely any incredulity or sense of the absurdity of their relation to each other, chiefly because Mr. Stockton, with his innocent air, never seems to be aware of any incongruity in their conduct.... It is,

however, when dealing with **negro life** that Mr. Stockton shows himself at his best. He fairly revels in this side-show of the world's circus, and takes an almost childish delight in the exhibition of negro character and life. We suspect that the figure in the book which will linger longest in the reader's mind is that of Aunt Patsy; and the description of the Jerusalem Jump with Aunt Patsy's exit from the world upon that occasion, is one of the most carefully written, as it is one of the most effective, passages in the book. It is not strange that Mr. Stockton should feel at home with the negroes. They offer him precisely that happy-go-lucky type of character which suits the world of his imagination. They save him the necessity of invention, and he can abandon with them that extreme gravity of demeanor which he is obliged to assume in order to give an air of reasonableness to his white characters." [Atlantic. 71

LIKE UNTO LIKE [by "SHERWOOD BONNER," *Harper*, 1878.] "'Sherwood Bonner' in this, her first novel, has touched upon a period in the struggle between North and South which has been little treated by novelists. The antagonists are represented not in the smoke of battle, but at that critical and awkward moment when the first steps towards reconciliation are being made. A proud but sociable little **Mississippi** town is shown in the act of half-reluctantly opening its doors to the officers of a couple of Federal regiments stationed within its bounds.... Plot there is none, and of incident very little. Light, often sparkling, conversations and charming bits of description follow in ready succession like beads upon a string. Lack of incident is atoned for by charm of writing, and in the vivacity of the scenes the reader disregards the slenderness of the connecting thread, or perhaps forgets to look for it." [Lippincott's. 72

LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL, (A) [Roberts, 1885.] "'SUSAN COOLIDGE' being the author, it is not surprising to find this an easy, natural, refined little story, inter-

LEDHORSE CLAIM [*Idaho*] = No. 786.

LIFE IN THE NEW WORLD [*Arkansas*] = No. 291.

LIKE AND UNLIKE [by AZEL STEVENS ROE (†, 1886): *Peterson*, 1862.]  
 "We wonder how a book so tedious as this ever found its way into print. We confess to having read it through, and though its morality is unimpeachable, it is a book which we can not praise. The hero enters the scene at the age of 16 or 17, and from first to last he is represented as a pattern of goodness. He does nothing improper, exhibits no frailties, makes no mistakes such as the best of youth must sometimes commit, and is a model and a teacher to all around him. Such a character is most certainly misrepresented; and though the motive in its production may have been a good one, it will have no effect. Books, to do good, must make their characters human, subject to the same temptations, trials and failings as living humanity. Then let them attain perfection if they will, but let it be by struggles such as we all must undergo in the same road."  
 [Godey's. 71 v

LITTLE MEN [by LOUISA MAY AL-  
COTT (†, 1888): *Roberts*, 1871.] "is  
really a most charming book, on a subject  
of the first importance. We hav many  
excellent works on the training of chil-  
dren, but few which cōme tō the level of  
the masses. Here, however, the subject  
is ably put in the form of a narrativ which  
can not fail tō becōme popular . . . The  
'little men' ar the pupils at Plumfield, a  
school kept by Mr. Bhaer and his wife—  
Uncle Fritz and Aunt Jo—as theīr little  
friends lōvingly call them. The pupils  
ar few, but these few form a sōmewhat  
heterogeneous mixture. We hav boys  
whōse parents ar wel-tō-dō along with the  
twō heroes of the story—Nat, whō used  
tō go 'fiddling round the streets,' and  
Dan, 'the boy whō sold the papers'—'a  
regular bad lot,' as he described himself.  
This wil perhaps shoe English ideas of  
what a select boarding-school ōt tō be,  
but fortunately Plumfield is in America,  
whēre, of course, 'ōne man is as good as  
anōther.' Nat is sent tō the Bhaers by an  
old friend of theīrs, Uncle Laurie; and,  
after remaining sōme time at Plumfield,  
thēy ar induced by Nat tō receive Dan.  
The latter, when he makes his appear-  
ance, is decidedly 'a bad lot;' and, per-  
haps, the most interesting part of the  
book is the account of the way Uncle  
Fritz and Aunt Jo went tō work tō drive  
out of him the spirit of mischief and dis-

order, and fil him with a lōve of honor  
and honesty. Kindness and sympathy ar  
the means whēreby the boys ar ruled at  
Plumfield. Thēy lōve and respect theīr  
teachers, and fear tō giv them pain by  
dōing wrōng. The lads ar put upon theīr  
honor, thēy feel this, and act accordingly.  
Theīr peculiar likings ar carefully ob-  
served by theīr gardians, and suitably  
encouraged and directed. Every care is  
taken tō make Plumfield a happy home.  
In summer the lessons ar short, the holi-  
days lōng; all sorts of outdoor work and  
amusements ar devised, and thēy becōme  
such a 'rosy, hearty, sunburnt set of boys'  
as ōne could desire tō see. Aunt Jo takes  
it intō her head that it would imprōve the  
tone of the boys if she had sōme girls  
amōng them, and accordingly this new  
element is introduced. After giving it a  
fair trial, she has the satisfaction of prōv-  
ing tō Uncle Laurie that her plan has not  
been a failure, as he predicted it would  
be . . . Mrs. (sic) Alcott writes in a grāce-  
ful, easy, and fluent style, has a grēat lōve  
of her subject, and knoes thōroly what  
she is writing about. The result is that  
she has produced a book which wil be  
pleasant reading tō old and young, while  
tō parents, and ōthers having the care of  
children, it wil be of grēat value. The  
children's amusements ar capitally de-  
scribed, and theīr talk is thōroly natural."  
[Examiner. 73 h

LITTLE NORSE (A) [by HAMLIN ARLAND: *Appleton*, 1892.] "The "Little Norse," Elga by name, otherwise called "Flaxen," is a child whom two chelors settlers on the Dakota plateau undertake to rear. She is found in a neighbor's hut, her mother lying frozen to death by her side, while her father had perished in the snow trying to get help. The situation, delightful enough while "Flaxen" is a child, and producing comic effects when she grows into a woman, is described both humorously and pathetically. The story, in fact, is distinctly good; but perhaps the most striking thing about it is the picture of the pitiless winter, and of the delights of returning spring, proportionately great to the horrors to which they succeed." [Spectator.]—There is something quaint, old-fashioned and very sweet about the story. These old men, living all alone in a cabin on the

dreary plains of Dakota, are very amusing and at times very pathetic when fate has forced them into the orphan-asylum business, as they express it. One of them brings this little daughter of Norwegian parents home through a terrific blizzard, nearly losing his life in the effort to do so, and his companion's hearts go out in love towards the helpless little creature whose dead mother lay in a cold and deserted shanty miles away, and whose father was lying buried in the snow in some ravine beside his patient oxen. As long as she wished to stay she would be his Flaxen and he would be her 'pap,' the elder man said, and the younger could content himself with the less honorable position of uncle. She is their joy and their incentive, until she is old enough to become a problem the solution of which grows to be a very serious matter to the two honest fellows who have undertaken it." [Critic. 73 m

esting without being exciting. The various descriptions of **Newport** scenery are graphic and charming; the graceful refinements of wealth and taste are pleasantly sketched. The books tends rather to make the reader feel that life without all these softer adjuncts is hardly desirable. Perhaps to counteract this tendency, the author has given to "The Little Country Girl," a stronger 'morale' than to her wealthy cousins, and makes the happy ending of the story turn on her clear-sighted rectitude of thôt." [Nation. 73

**LITTLE WOMEN** [by LOUISA M. ALCOTT, *Roberts*, 1869.] "Miss Alcott's book is just such a hearty, unaffected, and "genial" description of family life as will appeal to the majority of average readers and is as certain to attain a kind of success." [Nation.] "These dear "Little Women," Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy, are already bosom friends to hundreds of other little women, who find in their experiences the very mirror of their own lives. In Part First we find them 4 natural, sweet girls, with well-defined characters, which, in Part Second, are developed to womanhood throu such truthful and lifelike scenes as prove Miss Alcott to be a faithful student of nature. It isn't 'à la mode' now to be moved over stories, but we pity the reader who can repress a few tears as well as many hearty láfs over the lives of these little women." [Galaxy. 74

**LOUISIANA** [by F.. (HODGSON) BURNETT, *Scribner*, 1880.] "A lady from New York, whose surroundings have been those chiefly of literature and art, is alone at a **North Carolina** watering-place, and amuses herself with a new and interesting type of Southern native humanity, a young girl of great beauty and simplicity, but utterly ignorant of the world in which Miss Olivia Ferrol has lived.... The pathos of the story, while there is a touch of unreality about it, is fine and pervading, while the special charm is in the pictures of mountain life in **North-Carolina**. The book is graceful, and if the plot is a

trifle artificial the execution is so skillfully and affectionately done that we are almost ready to forgive the author for limiting herself as she has." [Atlantic. 75

**LOVE AND THEOLOGY** [by C. P. WOOLLEY, *Osgood*, 1888. "Mrs. Woolley's novel has a very large infusion of theology. The theology is of the "liberal" order, but the manner in which it is presented should not repel anyone, for the author plainly knows very well that religion is more than theology, and the spirit in which she writes is one of candor and reverence for all faiths sincerely held. The hero, Arthur Forbes, has graduated from the divinity school and finds himself no longer able to preach the Calvinistic creed in which he was reared. If this is not exactly an uncommon experience now-a-days, it is hardly less common a thing that such a divinity student should be engaged to a deacon's daughter. But substance and character are given to Mrs. Woolley's story by the fact that Rachel Armstrong does not, as so many do in common life, accept her lover and tolerate his heresy until marriage shall have brôt them into essential unity of belief. She deems him an apostate: shut in as she has been from the larger movements of thôt, which have borne him away, she believes it her duty to harden her heart against him, and if nature and destiny had not been too strong for her resolution, neither she nor her lover would have married. This strenuous pair, who, tho they cannot live apart, never come to think alike, find a more common counterpart in the genial Chase Howard, the rector of St. Andrew's, and the lively Miss Fairfax, whose "advanced" ideas on woman's lot find no difficulty in mingling with her Broad-Church liberality. The curious picture Mrs. Woolley gives of the western church over which Arthur Forbes is settled bears all the marks of life. The author perceives the deficiencies of crude "liberalism," as well as of strict Calvinism, and offers an expression of the vital faith to which both must come in the convictions to which Rachel at last ad-

LONG LOOK AHEAD (A) [by AZEL STEVENS ROE (†, 1886): N.-Y., *Derby*, 1855.] "is the latest addition tō a class of books which hav rapidly cōme intō fashion on this side of the water. For want of a better name, let us call them American Novels. Unlike the fictions of Cooper or any previous American novelist, thêy deal with men and manners, purely American; ōne set with the South and Slavery, anōther with prim and puritanic New-England. "Tempest and Sunshine" [No. 154 t] and "Farmingdale" [No. 30 w], ar respectively fair samples of each. In the same list with "Farmingdale," but far belo it in point of individuality and power, cōmes the "Long Look Ahead." The scene is laid in **C**onnecticut, and the characters ar mostly indigenous tō that region. The entire worldly all of twō young men, C: and A: Vincent, consists of a dilapidated farm; and the object of the book is tō sho how thêy rejuvenated it, by working early

and late, and taking long looks ahead. Other matters ar intermingled; but the gist of the affair is a description of the every-day life of a farmer, and a laudation of it as the most independent life which a man can lead. In the course of the narrativ a good many personages ar introduced, but nōne which ar likely tō leave a mark on the reader's mind. Thêy ar not drawn from life, but ar the traditiōnary characters of fiction. Thêre ar a moral and energetic hero, 2 or 3 model young women, a Good-Samaritan of a Colonel, and the requisit number of "Chores" in the shape of nêbors, etc. Thêy talk a grêat deal, but not remarkably wel. We learn nothing from thêir endless chat, except a few farming memoranda; how the old barn looks, newly painted, what the colt is worth, and the probable amount of the wheat crop! And all this in the stiffest and properest English." [Albion. 74 m

heres." [Boston "Lit. World." 76

LOVE IN IDLENESS [by E. W. OLNEY [Kirk], *Lippincott*, 1877.] "A number of people, young and middle-aged, are gathered for the summer in the beautiful Connecticut country house of one of them—a wealthy young bachelor. There they all fall in love. We can hardly say that everybody falls in love with everybody else; but it is pretty nearly that. Everybody is in love with some one; and the consequence, after a good deal of cross-purposing and some suffering, is half a dozen marriages.....It is absolutely without plot, has hardly enough coherence to be called a story, is entirely without incident. And yet it is very interesting from the first page to the last....The book is strongly American; but its Americans are of the most cultivated classes." [Galaxy. 77

MALBONE [by T. W. HIGGINSON: *Fields*, 1869.] "is a story which reveals in every page the charm of a scholarly and polished style. The characters are drawn with firmness and delicacy; many of the scenes are unusual and poetic, and the best of them are powerfully elaborated. "Hope" is a good ideal of a whole-souled, noble woman, strong, true, earnest, loving and winning love, as the sun attracts its planets to revolve about it. "Malbone," so confidently balancing upon the extreme verge where unscrupulous selfishness becomes acknowledged villainy, and so constantly saved from the worst consequences of his faults by a harmonious temperament and kindly nature, is delineated with the delicacy and skill which so subtle a character demands. "Aunt Jane," with her sound judgment and spicy, invigorating wit, is a good offset to "Malbone's" soft seductiveness, while poor little "Emilia," so capricious, so passionate, and so beautiful, whom the author shields from the indignation of her friends and of his readers—and shows his poetic feeling and his art in doing so—by casting over her a double shield of mysterious unconsciousness and of perfect loveliness, is a tropical

flower planted in an ungenial clime, who soon throbs away her passionate, misplaced life, and finds repose in death." [Galaxy. 78

MAN OF HONOR, (A) [by G. C. EGGLESTON, *Judd*, 1874.] "The scene is laid principally on a Virginia family homestead. The tale relates the adventures of a gentleman who, among other things, loses and recovers a large sum of money, and very nearly loses his character, through no fault of his, at the same time. He is arrested for debt in New York; he takes part in a fox-hunt in Virginia; he is jilted by a designing Northern girl, and loves and marries a true-hearted Virginian, turns out a born journalist, and altogether gets himself into and out of difficulties in a very creditable manner." [Galaxy. 79

MARGARET, [by SYLVESTER JUDD, *Roberts*.] "We do not propose to add anything to the stormy and controversial criticism excited by this book 25 years ago. American it certainly is. A fair, impartial portrait of American society it certainly is not. Quaint, queer, original, minutely accurate in its descriptions, but often false in sentiment and philosophy, and crude and uncouth in expression, it well deserves a permanent place in American literature; but we should be sorry to believe it, with all its glaring defects of both *thôt* and manner, to be 'the most thoroly American book ever written'." [Harper's. 80

MARSH ISLAND, (A) [by S. O. JEWETT, *Houghton*, 1885.] "....Her feeling for rural life and her clear comprehension of rural people were never better displayed than in this little story. A generous play of late summer and autumn radiance lights up its every nook and corner; it is mellow with warm color and odorous of late fruits and flowers....But all the inhabitants of Marsh Island are human and attractive, and the untiring industries of the well-ordered household soothe one like the rhythm of a song....The more impassioned side of life does not suit Miss Jewett so well as the humorous and pastoral; but each detail about her heroine is attract-

MANITOU ISLAND [by M. GREENWAY MCCLELLAND: *Holt*, 1892.] "The title suggests Canadian rather than Carolinian associations... Immediate disillusion folloes, however, as soon as one reads a few lines: the green, drizzly, sluggish swamps and lagoons of the middle Atlantic coast open their foliaged vistas; the flight of water-fowl whirrs thro the pages; a humid, heavy atmosphere hangs in the distance, and a dilapidated Southern mansion reveals itself with all its ancestral belongings as the centre of the romance. Here a family circle is gathered upon whōm a blight or a mildew has fallen: a spent and fallen race inhabits the manor, which seems like tō be engulfed by the encroaching swamp; the land is lo; the water and the marsh envelop everything in thēir haze and ooze; a primitiv population of fishermen and shingle-splitters flit about on the canals and tarns of the endless water-waste and render the uncanny spot uncannier stil. The author's pen is powerfully descriptiv in its reproduction of these landscape vicissitudes: too powerfully, indeed, for the pleasure of the reader, for one has a sense of suffocation under her dramatic interpretation of the stil as wel as the 'live' and wriggling life of the multitudinous swamp: her long

delineations ar so real, so vivid, so picturesque that thēy overshadow the personal element in the story and dwarf it; the sombre surroundings thro even intenser gloom on the gloomy plot, and the artistic balance of things is upset by the insistent dominance of dark over bright. The story is one essentially sad. Is it any wonder that people go mad, that races attenuate, that emotional transcend intellectual experiences in such an environment? The Alpine valleys ar full of 'crétins' whōse reason has ebbed from them under the sinister influences of isolation, gloom and morbid physical conditions. The Atlantic wastes, in thēir dismal constancy, thēir uninterrupted monotony, produçe similar pathological effects, which Miss McClelland seizes for a vigorous but painful narrativ, in which human suffering plays far too prominent a part tō be agreeable. Dr. Irène, Trigg, the idiot, Javan Anselm ar definable people, with features which one cannot help remembering, but the remembrance is hardly pleasureable, except in the case of the first. Miss McClelland paints insanity admirably; her dialog, too, is good; but her lengthened descriptions hardly leave her space enuf tō develop character; it is a diminutiv picture in a very large frame." [Critic. 79 f



LOVE OF A LIFETIME = No. 299.

LUCY ARLYN [New-York] = No.  
300.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL [by  
LYDIA (HUNTLEY) SIGOURNEY  
(1791-1865): *Harper*, 1858.] "is the  
imaginary record of the daily life of a  
young woman of 40 years ago, in which  
all her thòts, feelings and emotions ar  
noted down with equal grace and simplic-  
ity. She passes throu the disciplin of  
school, travels about the country, marries,  
becòmes a mōther, enters upon house-  
keeping, and writes rēipes in verse, and  
generally commends herself to òur liking  
as a sensible and exemplary person. She  
dòes not weary us with theories concern-  
ing the sphere of woman, nor project  
fantastical schemes of reform. Altō-  
gether she may be commended tō the ac-  
quaintance of her sex most cordially—  
the men, we think, would not generally  
appreciate her humdrum amiability."  
[Southern Literary Messenger. 77 s

MARRIED NOT MATED [by ALICE CARY (1822-71): N.-Y., *Derby*, 1857.] "is by far Miss Cary's best book, and it affords us pleasure to praise it. We have several times had occasion to notice this lady, sometimes a little severely, for what we deemed her chief fault—the melancholy monotony of her writings. We have nothing of the sort to harp at in "Married not Mated." Bating the moral of the story, which is implied rather than distinctly stated, it is a pleasant and in many respects a merry book. It is impossible to read some chapters without laughing heartily. Miss Cary has a rich vein of quiet humor, which shows itself in the creation of two really comic characters, characters of which any modern novelist might well be proud—Rache, an impudent, free-and-easy domestic, and Uncle Peter, or as his cards have it, Mr. Samuel P. J. T. Throckmorton, a second edition of Pecksniff with original variations.

Both are excellently drawn." [Albion.] —It "is a lively and agreeable story, told with much freshness of feeling, a keen insight into common life, and not a little humor." [Putnam's Mag. 80 p

MARTIN MERRIVALE X HIS MARK. [by J. TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE: Boston, *Phillips*, 1854.] "There is a freshness about the humor, a depth to the pathos, a detail in the description, an intimate acquaintance with human nature, and an originality throughout, which, in these days of professional book-making it is a satisfaction to meet . . . The impulsive, hopeful Martin, in love with literature, but long unable to discover or experience any of its "amenities," is a character worthy of story. His treatment at the hands of Boston publishers and editors will strike a sympathetic chord in the memory of many a fledgeling in authorship." [Norton's Lit. Gazette. 81 p

ive, and nothing in recent fiction is more true, touching, and womanly than Doris' journey to Westmarket in the autumnal dawn to keep her lover at home from the fishing-banks." [Lippincott's. 81

MATE OF THE 'DAYLIGHT' [by S.. O. JEWETT, *Houghton*, 1884.] "Miss Jewett's stories need no commendation, but we delay a moment to mark them as another example, of which there are so few among the works of women, of that careful study which finds and brings out what we have to call the negative side of life. The world is accustomed to such positiveness and downrightness of fact and motive that it does not often realize the force of what does not happen—the meaning of *not doing*. Of the stories before us, "The New Parishioner" and "The Only Son" are striking illustrations, and, at the same time, are by far the most interesting. Miss Jewett, moreover, has a style, in the true sense, a manner of expression, fitting and beautiful, and her own." [Nation. 82

MEN, WOMEN AND GHOSTS [by E.. S. PHELPS [WARD]: *Fields*, 1869.] "These stories possess that peculiar quality which touches the heart, the quality to which we refer when we say of a singer that she has "a tear in her voice." Sympathetic and full of human kindness, there is scarcely one of them, however simple it may be, which does not contain thrilling or really pathetic passages. The author has a keen sense of humor also, and her style is delightfully fresh, unstudied and attractive. "Kentucky's Ghost" is one of the most vivid and thrilling ghost stories we have read for many a day. "In the Gray Goth," "One of the Elect," "Calico," "No News," "The Tenth of January," are also excellent." [Galaxy. 83

MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE [by H.. F. JACKSON, *Roberts*, 1877.] "The style of this book is a model for study. It is quiet and clear and strong. Everywhere there is a calm and just selection of words, moderation and delicacy of epithet; in the pictures, whether of New England

scenery or manners, a kind of gentle and unstudied fidelity. It is not and does not pretend to be a typical love story. It is merely the simple recital of a strange heart experience, and a strangely sad one. A woman of the richest capacities, both mental and affectional, meets in her early, artless youth a man upon whom she somewhat eagerly bestows her heart, and who proves only half worthy of it." [Atlantic. 84

MIDSUMMER MADNESS, (A) [by E. [W.] (OLNEY) KIRK: *Osgood*, 1885.] "This book is most refreshing. The scene of the story is laid on the banks of the great river Delaware, and a delicious sense of open air, of trees and flowers, of the many tinted lights of sunset, tinging the broad river and the sky above, pervades the book.....The author limits herself strictly to the possible; but she gives us the bright side of nature—the sunshine, the warmth, the color which we love..... And very pleasant it is, and very grateful to Miss Kirk we feel for so much that is delightful. The lawns of the two large country houses whose inhabitants form the 'dramatis personæ' of the tale, slope down to the banks of the great river; the time, as the title indicates, is mid-summer, and the weather is perfect. The story is, of course, the old, old story; of plot and incident it contains the minimum, and of analysis of character the minimum also; just enuf to account for the actions of the different persons where they are not perfectly self-evident, and no more. But, altho almost without plot or incident, the interest of the story never flags from the first page to the last." [Spectator. 85

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER [by J. G. HOLLAND, *Scribner*, 1860.] "....What the moral loses the story gains. Our author has lost nothing of that genuine love of Nature, of that quick perception of the comic element in men and things, of that delightful freshness and liveliness, which threw such a charm about the former writings of Timothy Titcomb. No story can be pronounced a failure which has vivacity and interest; and the volume

MERRIMACK [by DAY KELLOGG  
 LEE (1816-69): N.-Y., *Redfield*, 1854.]  
 "is distinguished for naturalness of style,  
 easy flow of narrative, and peculiarly inter-  
 esting revelations of the life and spiritual  
 experiences of a factory girl." [National  
 Era.]—"In many respects it is a unique  
 volume. As a picture of certain phases  
 of manners it is entitled to his praise.  
 Mr. Lee is evidently well acquainted with  
 the home and factory life of **New-**  
**England**, and the reader fully shares his  
 knowledge when he has done with him.  
 During the composition of his tale he  
 seems indeed to have subjected his mind  
 to an exhausting process, for he leaves  
 absolutely nothing to be imagined. A  
 great literary artist, like DeFoe, may con-  
 trive to heighten his general effect by a  
 Flemish fidelity to truth; but this in lesser  
 hands is apt to become tedious and unin-  
 teresting. This is not entirely the case  
 with Mr. Lee, for although his narrative  
 suffers from this defect, it has still many  
 points of interest and is well worth the  
 reading. He is clear, simple, even ele-  
 gant in style, with a certain freshness and  
 breadth, and a cordial sympathy for the  
 good and true." [Albion. 84 k

MILLIONAIRE OF ROUGH AND  
READY = No. 839.

MINISTER'S WOOING = No. 840.

MISS BAGGS' SECRETARY [by  
CLARA L.. (ROOT) BURNHAM: *Houghton*, 1892.] "is as pretty and bright a little tale as one would care to fill an idle hour with. It boasts little originality of plot, since the unexpected inheritance of a great fortune by a quiet, rustic little body, who has but scant notion how to use or enjoy it, is by no means a new situation in fiction. Its character-drawing has but few subtle shades; for its good people are inclined to be very, very good, and its bad people to be horrid. But it is told with so much freshness and so much wholesom humor; its ethics are so sound and sweet; it has so much unmarred youth and honest love and genuine sunshine in it, that one follows it throughout with a warmth of heart which lasts into memory; and what better praise need the little story ask? Moreover it boasts, despite our too sweeping assertion, one highly original character, in the 'Joodge,' a delightful elderly parrot, of a pessimistic and satirical turn of mind. The story of a few summer weeks at **West Point**, during which two youthful love stories come to harmonious adjustment, is charmingly told. We have endless and most fascinating glimpses of cadet life, from which the most stoical reader can scarcely

fail to gather at least a flush of the 'cadet fever' which we are assured few sojourners at West Point altogether escape. And the little love-scene upon the wind-blown, daisy-carpeted hillside is as fresh and tender and fetching a bit of youthful sentiment as we have chanced upon in many a day. [Commonwealth.]—It is "one of the freshest and most interesting stories which have come from the press in a long while. There is nothing especially startling or original in the plot, nothing particularly novel or great about the characters: they are ordinary men and women doing and saying the commonplace things which make the sum of existence in the everyday world. Herein lies the cleverness of its author, that she should have taken hold of such a story and invested it with so much humor, so much sweetness, and an interest so intensely human, that one finishes the book, closes it, and puts it away with the same feeling of regret he might have in parting from a delightful companion with whom he has spent an afternoon. Its sub-title describes it as a West-Point romance, and the description of a cadet's life is so good as to impress officers with the idea that the manuscript, in such particulars, was corrected by one of their number. The action takes place quite as much in New-York as at West-Point, however." [Critic. 86 t

before us adds to vivacity and interest vigorous sketches of character and scenery, droll conversation and incidents, a frequent and kindly humor, and, underlying all, a true, earnest purpose, which claims not only approval for the author, but respect for the man." [Atlantic. 86

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS, [King of Folly Island" or "Tales of New England."

MISS VAN KORTLAND [by F. L. BENEDICT: *Harper*, 1870.] "is a most entertaining novel. Just in what particular the charm lies, it is difficult to tell—altho, perhaps, it owes much to the happily chosen language in which the story is told. The reader is carried along so pleasantly, by the current of daily affairs, that he forgets, until the book is laid down, that there are some things in it which were trivial, not much that was unusual, and nothing sensational. There was no plot to goad us on, but, instead of the conventional stage-effect, there was a pleasantly told story of genuine men and women. It is a tale of American society; and our National characteristics and customs are drawn with unusual fidelity. . . . There is a good deal of sentiment, and here it is honest and refreshing because there is no suspicion of affectation or shamefacedness about it. The scene is laid in the region of the coal-mines of **Pennsylvania**, and the descriptions of mountain scenery—which are never tedious, form not the least interesting part of the book." [Overland. 88

MRS. BEAUCHAMP BROWN [by J. (G.) AUSTIN, *Roberts*, 1880.] "Unless we had read it here we should never have believed that life on the coast of **Maine** could be so exciting, so cosmopolitan in its scope, so thrilling in its incidents. There is a jumble of notabilities—leaders of Boston and Washington society, a Jesuit father, an English peer, a brilliant diplomatist on the point of setting out on a foreign mission, a Circe the magic of whose voice and eyes is responsible for most of the mischief which goes on, Anglican

priests, a college professor, collegiates, at least one raving maniac, beautiful young girls and Yankee men and women. From the company, Mrs. Beauchamp Brown alone emerges with a distinct identity. . . . The Yankees are capitally done, and the local color is excellent. There is not much to be said for the other characters." [Lippincott's. 89

MODERN INSTANCE, (A) by W. D. HOWELLS, *Osgood*: 1882.] "....The sketches of country town life in Equity, [**Maine**] the portraits of the old squire and his faded wife, of the humorous philosopher in the logging camp, of Mr. Witherby the journalist, whose conscience is kept in the counting-room; the touches which reveal the veneering of culture bestowed by a small college on a mean man; the rapid outlines of a lank Western village,—these, and many more which recur as one thinks of the story, remind one that the hand has not lost its cunning. The familiar glimpses of a woman's mind, also, when that mind is like the upper drawer in her bureau, reappear in the case of Marcia; and the passages between her and her husband are new readings from the old story, which Mr. Howells tells so well. ....If Marcia is more than an individual, eccentric woman; if she is the product of a life where religion has run to seed, and men and women are living by traditions which have faded into a copy-book morality, Bartley Hubbard represents a larger and more positive constituency." [Atlantic]. "....We suggest that perhaps every reader, however good or refined, feels in himself or herself a resemblance to some one of the common American types with which it is filled. ....As a work of moral fiction 'A Modern Instance' is unequalled. It is a picture of the career of a rascal of the most frequent American pattern. He is neither cruel nor a slave of his passions, nor has he any desire to sacrifice others to himself. On the contrary, he is very good-natured and amiable, and likes to see everybody happy about him. But of honor or principle he has no idea whatever

MOODS. [by LOUISA MAY ALCOTT: Boston, *Loring*, 1865.] “‘From our necessities of love arise our keenest heart-aches and our miseries.’ Trite tho it be, this truth is rarely realized, save in actual sorrow, or in the sympathetic perusal of some sorrowful tale. Such a tale is *Moods* wherein the poet’s thought finds graphic and touching illustration. We have rarely met a love-story in which power and pathos are so impressively combined. In details, as well as in general effect, it deserves earnest praise. Conceived in an ideal atmosphere, which is consistently preserved, the story yet rests upon the solid basis of life. Its incidents, if not especially novel in themselves, are sufficiently novel in their combination to arouse and sustain the reader’s interest. But its chief and characteristic merit is something higher than vitality in the recital of incident or the portrayal of action. Its delineation of character and its analysis of emotional experience are the elements of its intellectual power. Its scene is laid in **New-England**, and its narrative describes the fortunes and the moods of 3 persons, a woman and two men, the former loved by both the latter. Unless we greatly err,

the reader will find that “*Moods*” is one of the best love-stories yet produced in America. While no less delicate than truthful in its delineation of the workings of the master passion, it is instinct with a high purpose. It teaches a lesson, important to youth, and not insignificant to maturity—that, although its necessity of love be not satisfied, the heart should yet be true to itself, nor seek to escape suffering by any compromise with fate . . . In the way of special beauties, we might praise the simplicity and naturalness of Miss Alcott’s style: the felicity of pictorial tints, the fidelity, and the hearty home feeling of her account of a “golden wedding;” the delicate, tender, profound sympathy of her analysis of Sylvia’s sorrow and Geoffrey’s anguish; the tragic pathos and the dramatic art of her chapter entitled “Asleep and Awake;” and, finally, the brief picture of the death of Warwick, which one sees dimly through a mist of tears. The faults of the story are a certain prolixity in the earlier chapters, superfluous explanation in the last one, and lack of comprehensive thoroughness in the portrayal of characters.” [Albion. 90 t

In fact, for the old-fashioned notion of principle he has substituted a new idea—that of the primary importance of “smartness”—i. e., of that quality which enables a man to get ahead of his fellows by short cuts, dodges, tricks, and devices of all kinds which just fall short of crime.” [Nation. 90

**MORTAL ANTIPATHY, (A)** [by O. W. HOLMES; *Houghton*, 1886.] “....Humor and kindly satire abound, and the study of a strange idiosyncrasy enables the novelist to make use of much curious knowledge. Maurice Kirkwood, a young man who is brave, accomplished, and good-looking, owing to a remarkable accident in infancy, has such a repugnance to the near presence of young women, that any sudden contact with them causes a violent derangement of the heart’s action, and endangers life. ....He cherishes the hope that, as like cures like, some lovely woman may lift the curse from his life. And the curse is removed at last in an American village which he has chosen for a temporary abode. ....The chief attractions of the narrative are to be found in humorous incident, and in the delineation of character. In Arrowhead village, the Pansophian Society is in great favor among the students of the college and the young ladies of the institute. Two of these girls stand out prominent. . . The book is full of passages touching on the follies of the day, in which the geniality of the writer conceals in large measure the severity of his satire.” [Spectator. 91

**MYSTERY OF METROPOLISVILLE (THE)** [by E. EGGLESTON; N. Y., O. Judd, 1873] “is very good....Any one who cares for a simple story well told, for characters who are genuine people and whose talk is always amusing, will get satisfaction at the hands of Mr. Eggleston. The book is full of humor, observation, and a healthy spirit which is sure to leave a good impression. [Nation.] Scene is in Minnesota in 1857. 92

**NEIGHBOR JACKWOOD.** [by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. *Sheldon & Co.* 1858.] “Parts of “Neighbor Jackwood” we

read with sincere relish and admiration; they showed so true an eye for Nature and so thoro an appreciation of the truly humorous elements of **New-England** character, as distinguished from the vulgar and láfable ones. The domestic interior of the Jackwood family was drawn with remarkable truth and spirit, and all the working characters of the book on a certain average level of well-to-do rusticity were made to think and talk naturally, and were as full of honest human nature as those of the conventional modern novels are empty of it. An author who puts us in the way to form some just notion of the style of thôt proper to so large a class as our New England country-people, and of the motives likely to influence their social and political conduct, does us greater service than we are apt to admit.” [J. R. Lowell in “Atlantic.” 93

**NEW ENGLAND BYGONES** [by “E. H. ARR” [i. e., ROLLINS]: *Lippincott*, 1880.] This little volume is a record of life in a typical New-England farm-house 50 years ago. The scenes and incidents are treated with the tenderness which haunts all remembered childhood in a pleasant and long-forsaken home. The aspect of the country throu the varied seasons, the routine of the in-door work, the character of the village worthies, the peculiarities of the village institutions, and the special experiences and delights of childhood are dwelt upon minutely and faithfully. The whole forms a true picture of **New England** life in the more remote districts, with its stern and unamiable features unsoftened, and its strong, hardy characteristics unlightened. It stirs a feeling of respect even while it fails to attract admiration, or to waken any regret that the ideal it illustrates has passed away.” [Nation. 94

**NEW SCHOOLMA’AM (THE)** [by H. ALGER: *Loring*, 1878.] “has some real humor in it. It is the slightest of sketches, describing the adventures of a rich young girl who becomes tired of fashionable life in the city and takes the place of school-



mistress in a village among the mountains. She meets the gifted and penniless artist and they marry. The author's little hits at the country people and the city people who spend the summer in the country are amusing." [Nation. 95

**NEWPORT** [by G. P. LATHROP, *Scribner*, 1884.] "There is much careful study of individualities and much felicity of description in "Newport." It is not so much a story as a picture, in which all the component parts must be seen at once in order to blend with, modify, set off, and subdue each other. The author has a very good command of his subject, and sees **Newport** in its different aspects and phases, with its pageants, its amusements, its faults, follies, and crimes,—"set about by its dark purple spheres of sea," and arched over by its lovely skies....Mr. Lathrop has succeeded in producing characters who, without faults of art or taste, go throu their parts, informing them with a spirit at once graceful and frivolous, petty and generous. He has avoided both the grotesque and the heroic." [Scribner's. 96

**NEXT DOOR** [by CLARA L. BURNHAM, *Ticknor*, 1886.] "The excellences of **Next Door**' are not of the highest sort, but they are as refreshing—in the general ack of excellences of any sort—as a morning rain in a dry season. The tone is airy and light, but never flippant, while the story keeps unflagging pace with the style. All throu, one is entertained rather than interested; and it is very good entertainment, too, following the adventures of Aunt Ann and her cat, and the development of her nieces' love affairs. It would be hard to find two more pleasant, lovable girls than Kate and Margery, in the first place, or more worthy, suitable husbands for them than J: Exton and Ray Ingalls, in the second. Then it is pleasant to accompany such characters throu scenes so naturally and admirably done as the girls' boarding-house life and their vacation in the country. It is a great satisfaction to read on in confidence to the end,

with a tolerably safe assurance that you will find no straining for effect, no posing, nor, in fact, anything but straitforward, genuine work. The book is noticeable, equally with its other good qualities, for its freshness." [Nation. 97

**NIMPORT** [by E. L. BYNNER: Boston, *Lockwood*, 1877.] "In many ways this belongs to the better class of light stories. ....It is the record of a family who lose their money at their father's death. One girl goes off to be a governess, another stays at home with her brother; and their adventures make the story, or at least they would have made a very readable story if all sorts of superfluous tragedy had not been lugged in. ....But where this fault does not exist the book is full of cleverness. The humor throuout is natural and easy; the people are described as a clever woman sees them. In a word, it must be said that the author has certainly shown considerable ability in writing this readable novel." [Nation. 98

**NORWOOD.** [by H: W. BEECHER: *Scribner*, 1868] "We have felt, in reading this novel, that the author had a faculty which might be turned to pleasant account in writing for the stage. This notion was suggested less by dramatic management of situations, or by sustained dialog, than by a certain felicity in expressing the flavor and color of **New England** life in the talk. The range is narrow, and the grade is not that of the highest comedy; but here is representation, not mere study, of character, &, so far, drama. We should be sorry to yield this point; for it is one of the few to be made in favor of the present novel as a work of fiction...Yet all this is not to the exclusion of thot and feeling, which give delight in their play amongst the ins and outs of Yankee nature and over the varied picturesqueness of village neighbors and neighborhoods. It would be a loss not to have read that description of a Sunday in Norwood, or the night-fishing or the nutting-party, or going to Commencement at Amherst; and one could ill afford not to know the charm

of Quaker farm-life in Pennsylvania, as it appears here after the fatigues of one of the most wearisome and exhausting of stories." [Atlantic.] Norwood was burlesqued in "Gnaw-wood, or New England life in a Village, by H. W. B. Cher." 99

OLD BATTLE-GROUND, (THE) [by J. T. TROWBRIDGE, *Sheldon*, 1860.] "whose name bears but an accidental relation to the story, is an interesting and well-constructed tale, in which Mr. Trowbridge has introduced what we believe is a new element in American fiction, the French Canadian. The plot is simple and not too improbable, and the characters are well individualized. There is a good deal of pathos in the book, marred here and there with the sentimental extract of Dickens flowers, but it is in his more ordinary characters that Mr. Trowbridge fairly shows himself as an original and delightful author. His boys are always masterly. Nothing could be truer to Nature, more nicely distinguished as to idiosyncrasy, while alike in expression and in limited range of ideas—or more truly comic, than the two who figure in this story." [J. R. Lowell in *Atlantic*.] 100

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW [by S. O. JEWETT; *Houghton*, 1879.] "is a collection of stories, all gracefully done, and *The Lost Lover* and *Madame Ferry* may be especially commended for the delicate fancy they illustrate." [Nation.] 101

OLD HOUSE BY THE RIVER (THE) [by W. C. PRIME: *Harper*, 1853.] "is the title of a charming volume, full of sweet pictures of rural life, overflowing with tender and delicate sentiment, tho free from sentimentality, and written in a style of exquisite purity and grace, not unworthy of Irving or 'Ik. Marvel.' ... With its justly colored portraiture of nature, its simplicity and truthfulness of feeling, and its rare appreciation of silvan life, it can not fail to be welcomed as a beautiful addition to rural literature." [Harper's.] 102

OLD MAID'S PARADISE, (AN) [by E. S. PHELPS [WARD] *Houghton*, 1885.] "The old maid's paradise is a \$500 house which Carona Somebody, spinster, has built on the cliffs overlooking Fairharbor, and where she spends a memorable summer. The trials she has with house plans and carpenters, the perplexities of incipient housekeeping, the idiosyncrasies of the Pomona-like maid-of-all-work, the blundering kindness of brother Tom, the cheerful and unconscious ignorance of sister Sue, the vagaries of a black-and-tan-terrier—these elements of fun are all used to advantage, and as a background there are glowing descriptions of sea and shore in sunshine and storm, bits of pathetic 'genre' from the lives of a fisher folk, charming presentations of fascinating "types." The book is perhaps no more than a trifle, but it is a trifle that could come only from the practiced pen of an adept. The book has in it the zest of sea breezes, the light and color of summer days. Its humor is exquisite; its pathos is the pathos of simplicity." [Boston "Literary World."] 103

OLD NEW-ENGLAND DAYS [by SOPHIA M. DAMON, Boston, 1888.] "The insight which one gets of a phase of civilization in America which has now nearly passed away, throu such books as 'Old New England Days' and 'Uncle 'Lisha's Shop', is well worth having. Even tho the stories, as such, are without literary form or finish, and could more properly be called a collection of anecdotes, there is about them the spirit of the sturdy, honest simplicity which has for so long characterized the rural population of **New England** and which makes one regret its decadence and gradual absorption, while the realist novel-writer is describing its demoralization by the march of progress and city boarders." [Nation.] 104

OLD SALEM. [by "ELEANOR PUTNAM": *Houghton*, 1886.] "Not a few of our readers will remember a short series of charming papers in the *Atlantic*, upon the cupboards and shops of **Salem**, and

upon a "dame-school" there, which were distinguished by simplicity and freshness of touch, and seemed really to have absorbed into their sentiment the not too oppressive odor of antiquity which still lingers about the streets and wharves of that sleepy city. It would be difficult to write about "Old Salem" without entertainment: but the author of these papers had so delicate a touch, so womanly a tenderness for associations, and yet humor and fancy, and alertness in catching the artistic outlines of character, together with such loving acquaintance with the scene, that the pictures of 'Old Salem' which she promised would have been a rare treat. Of these but one new one, and that a fragment, is added to those already published—a sketch: "My Cousin the Captain." [Nation. 105

OLDTOWN FOLKS [by H. (B.) STOWE, *Fields*, 1869.] "The story is slight and unsensational, but the characters are admirably sketched, and the various scenes present a picture of **New England** life during the past century, in which the charm of fiction is combined with the reality of history. The good, warm-hearted grandmother, who presides with such genuine kindness over her charitable home, a beacon of light to the unfortunate; Aunt Lois, so severe and well disciplined; Miss Mehitable, with her large, loving nature somewhat repressed by sorrow and untoward circumstances, but only the more deepened and refined, it may be, upon that account; "Lady" Lathrop and her dignified husband Parson Lathrop; Sam Lawson, the village do-nothing, the terrible Miss Asphyxia—and indeed, all the characters of the book, are as real and living as any of the people, still clothed in flesh, whom we may chance to meet." [Galaxy. 106

OLDTOWN FIRESIDE STORIES [by H. (BEECHER) STOWE, *Osgood*, 1872.] "Sam Lawson, who tells these stories, is doubtless the most worthless person in Oldtown; but compare his amusing streaks of God-fearing piety, his reverence for magistracies and dignities, his law-abiding-

ness, his shrewdness, his readiness, with the stolid wickedness, the indifference and contempt of those back-woods ruffians for everyone else, and you will have some conception of the variety of the brood which the bird of freedom has gathered under her wings. To be sure, the back woods have long been turned into railroad-ties and cord-wood, and Oldtown is no more, but this only adds to the interest and value of true pictures of them. Mrs. Stowe, we think, has hardly done better work than in these tales, which have lured us to read them again and again by their racy quaintness, and the charm of the shiftless Lawson's character and manner. The material is slight and common enuf, ghosts, Indians, British, and clergymen lending their threadbare interest to most of them; but round these familiar protagonists moves a whole Yankee village world, the least important figure of which savors of the soil and "breathes full East." The virtues of 50 years and more ago, the little local narrowness and intolerance, the lurking pathos, the hidden tenderness of a rapidly obsolescent life, are all here, with the charm of romance in their transitory aspects,—which, we wonder, will the Hibernian **Massachusetts** of future times appreciate? At least this American generation can, keenly, profoundly, and for ourselves, we have a pleasure in the mere talk of Sam Lawson which can come only from the naturalness of first-rate art." [Atlantic. 107

ONE SUMMER. [by BLANCHE W. HOWARD, *Osgood*, 1875.] "The word "charming hardly expresses with sufficient emphasis the pleasure we have taken in reading it; it is simply delightful, unique in method and manner, and with a peculiarly piquant flavor of humorous observation. The plot, indeed, is commonplace: a city young lady meets a city gentleman while summering in a **New England** village, with results dear to the heart of novel writers and readers. . . . These defects, however, as well as others that might be pointed out, are of small moment in

comparison with those sterling qualities which we have already mentioned as belonging to the book, and with the genuine humor which pervades it like an atmosphere. This humor is of rare quality—delicate and yet hearty, and racy without being in the slightest degree vulgar.” [Appleton’s. 108

ONLY AN INCIDENT [by G. D. LITCHFIELD, *Putnam*, 1884.] has the virtue of modesty which its title implies. The author is quite at home among the favored people of Joppa, [New York] and touches their blind self-sufficiency with a vivacity which is in no way allied to spitefulness. This thoro familiarity with the manners and habits of a small community may perhaps account for an unconscious use in narrative of colloquialisms which are often vulgar and not infrequently ungrammatical.” [Nation. 109

OUR COUSIN VERONICA [by M. E. WORMLEY [LATIMER]: N. Y., *Bunce*, 1856.] “The scene is chiefly among the mountains of Virginia, and the characters are taken from the aristocracy of the Old Dominion. In the unfolding of the plot, we are, however, taken both to England and the Northern States, giving the writer an opportunity for several contrasts of scenery and character, which she uses with excellent artistic effect.” [Harper’s. 110

PASTORAL DAYS [by W. HAMILTON GIBSON: *Harper*, 1880.] “deserves and will hold a distinct place in the literature of rural New England. His point of view is not that of the philosopher, nor even of the full-grown man humoring himself with reminiscence; it is that of the boy who has never ceased to be a boy, who does not call up old scenes, but still lives in them, and whose portraiture of country life a generation ago is no more an effort than to tell the exact name of “Hometown” or the real name of “Amos Shoopegg.” This happy continuity of feeling determines the style of the narrative. Its character-painting is excellent, and all the changes and circumstances of the New

England year are truthfully described.” [Nation. 111

PATTY’S PERVERSITIES. [by ARLO BATES: *Osgood*, 1881.] “Extravagances of every description pervade this story. “Patty” is, of course, the heroine of the tale, and her “perversities” consist chiefly in encouraging all the lovers she dislikes, and snubbing systematically the one she does love, for no reason that can be set forth more concisely than the author has done it. The successful lover is projected as a softened Rochester, but appears to the reader as a humdrum lawyer, resentful of no ill-treatment and meekly inclined to accept the matrimonial yoke when his mistress’s perversities finally suggest that consummation. There is a sharp young lady with dyspepsia, who deals in epigrams and is addicted to a constant consumption of popcorn, a bowl of which she always carries with her; a matron of extreme silliness, who directs her life by the aid of proverbs; a comic servant, and, finally, a most extravagant mystery, whose complications are so intricate and the elucidation of which leads to so little that it is really difficult to tell what it is all about.” [Nation. 112

PEARL OF ORR’S ISLAND (THE) [by H. (B.) STOWE, *Ticknor*, 1862.] “Mrs. Stowe is never more in her element than in depicting unsophisticated New England life, especially in those localities where there is practical social equality among the different classes of the population. “The Pearl of Orr’s Island”, the scene of which is laid in one of those localities [the Maine coast] is every way worthy of her genius. Without deriving much interest from its plot, it fastens the pleased attention of the reader by the freshness, clearness, and truth of its representations, both of Nature and persons. The author transports us at once to the place she has chosen as the scene of her story, makes us as familiarly acquainted with all its surroundings as if we had been born and bred there, introduces us to all the principal inhabitants in a thoroly “neighborly” way,

PEOPLE AT PISGAH. [by EDWIN W. SANBORN: *Appleton*, 1892.] "Tō those whō desire a touch of the good old-fashioned comic-almanac humor, such as charmd the boyhood of persons now 55 years old, we can confidently recommend this little book. Thère ar in it traces of later and very recent knowledge—passages which recall the trials for heresy, past, or future, in which many take a lively interest; but the staple of the booklet is of the Sam Slick and Davy Crockett period. Drōl incidents, with no conceivable purpos in life except tō raise a lāf, ar set in lively motion, one after anōther, with breathless haste, until the misadventures of the Rev. Dr. Van Nuythlee of New-York, whō is the hero of the story, gets so complicated that the reader wōnders how he wil ever escape from thēir snaky coils. Nor in fact dōes he, for the last page leaves him at the mercy of Miss Prudence Winthrop of Boston, whō has set what she is pleased tō call her heārt on marrying Dr. Van Nuythlee, but whō has been supplanted in his affections by the Widow Suydam. His future torment may therefore be imaginud. The first chapters of the book ar in a quiet, grave tone, not without seriousness, but all this vanishes as the plot reveals itself, and the fun of the situations becōmes too much for the moderation of the author. He then lays the reins of his judgment on the mane of his drōl fancy, and away we go, throu all sorts of rustic dilemmas, quite out of keeping with the grave outset of the tale. Thère is a genuin humor in it, and much skil and grace of style." [Springfield Republican.

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and contrives to impress us with a sense of the substantial reality of what she makes us mentally see, even when an occasional improbability in the story almost wakes us up to a perception that the whole is a delightful illusion.....In the rest of the population of Orr's Island the reader cannot fail to take a great interest, "Cap'n" Kittredge and his wife, Miss Roxy and Miss Zephania Pennel, are incomparably good. Each affords matter enough for a long dissertation on **New England** and human character. Miss Roxy, especially, is the typical old maid of Yankee-land, and is so thoroly loveable, in spite of her idiom, her crusty manners and eccentricities, that the only wonder is that she should have been allowed to remain single. But the same wonder is often expressed, in actual life, in regard to old maids superior in education, accomplishments, and beauty, and her equals in vital self sacrifice and tenderness of heart." [Atlantic. 113

**PETER CARRADINE** [by CAROLINE CHESEBRO, *Sheldon & Co.* 1863.] "The second title of this novel, "The Martindale Pastoral," indicates its design and scope. We think that there is no female writer in America, who equals her in the power of unfolding character. In this work she has made a great advance upon any of her previous efforts. She has a story to tell—interesting, if not exciting to those who have been accustomed to "thrilling" plots. Her characters are here persons who might really have lived in this world, and the phases of their development are wrought with the conscientious care of a genuine artist. Without attempting to give an analysis of the story and characters, we content ourselves by saying that the cultivated reader will deem "Peter Carradine" the best American novel which has been written for years." [Harper's. 114

**PILOT FORTUNE** [by MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ, *Houghton*, 1885.] "cannot be said to be strikingly original either in plot or situation, but the **Nova Scotia** fishing-village which makes the background of the novel is so well

touched off, the local color so fresh and unmistakable, and the narrative so easily and lightly given, that the book becomes vivid and effective. There is little mere description, but a few strokes of the pen draw the picture for us so clearly that we seem to breathe the crisp air of those high latitudes all through the story of Millicent and her lovers." [Lippincott's. 115

**POGANUC PEOPLE** [by H. (B.) STOWE, *Fords*, 1878.] "The old **New England** rural life can hardly be too fully and too minutely illustrated for those who came too late to behold it, for the significance of that life in the fast-cumulating story of this nation is inestimable." [Atlantic. 116

**PRICE SHE PAID (THE)** [by F. L. BENEDICT: *Lippincott*, 1883.] "is one of the author's best, with the same ease in delineation of character, the same vivacious and sparkling talk, which made "St. Simon's Niece" a popular book. The little drama here is played out in the picturesque highlands of **Pennsylvania**, and the story chiefly concerns the heroine's dilemma about her lovers. There are, indeed, two heroines, and the effect created is of endless coquetry and prettinesses and all the irresistible array of feminine caprices. But the best character in the story is Denis Bourke, a young Irishman who carries off the honors as hero with unusual dignity and reality. Mr. Benedict has not been carried away by admiration of the analytical novel of the period, and his characters are developed by their own expression of themselves." [Lippincott's. 117

**QUEEN HILDEGARDE** [by L. E. (HOWE) RICHARDS: *Estes & Lauriat*, 1889.] "is sweet and wholesome, with a distinct purpose, yet without the appearance of "preaching". Hildegardis Graham, the petted only daughter of wealthy parents, finds to her dismay that they are for the first time to leave her behind when they take a journey. Her sensible mamma, fearing that Hilda is getting frivolous and shallow in her artificial city life, decides

PETER GOTT. [by J. REYNOLDS: Boston, *Jewett*, 1856.] "There is a homely simplicity in this story, added to a vigorous, manly strength. Narrating the life of Peter Gott, who as a "Cape Ann fisherman" by good sense and persevering industry accumulated a fortune without forfeiting the respect and affection of his acquaintances, the book describes with much minuteness the manner in which the fisheries are carried on. Written somewhat in the Robinson Crusoe style, entirely devoid of pretentiousness, aiming only at a plain recital of facts without rhetorical flourishes, it will, by that class which can appreciate it, be read with great pleasure. There is no plot, no remarkable adventures or hair-breadth escapes. We find it difficult to determine in what particular such books have their especial charm—it must be in their truthfulness." [Criterion. 114 d

PETTIBONE NAME = No. 338.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE [by ALICE CARY (1822-71): N.-Y., *Derby*, 1859.] "includes a series of tales and sketches of villagers, and incidents of their lives—felicitous in description, with frequent pathos and tenderness." [Century.] It "is a not unfit companion for the record of 'Our Village' (No. 1057). It is healthful, entertaining reading, and the pleasure it is able to give is as pure and honest as it is great." [Nation. 114 m



PRUE AND I [by G. W. CURTIS (†, 1892): N.-Y., *Dix*, 1856.] is "not large in bulk nor pretentious in subject, yet genial and gentle to the full, and written with so cunning carelessness that as you saunter along from page to page you are scarcely conscious of the rich soil which lies beneath the surface. We do not mean that in these pleasant glimpses at the social world you shall find a treatise on the whole duty of man or a homily for every day of the week. We aver only that, tinged tho it be with epicureanism, Mr. Curtis' philosophy is wholesome and kindly; that he counsels a good use of the world, not a deadly crusade against those who abuse it; that he is too wise to dream of extinguishing ostentation and folly, by penned or spoken satire, contenting himself with the more practical object of reducing them to their proper value in the eyes of lookers-on. Herein he succeeds. "Prue and I," a loving and contented couple, form a connecting link for the half-dozen papers here gathered, tho each is able to stand alone. Our favorite is "My Châteaux," for who is so poor in hopes, so beggared in imagination, as not to be on a castle in Spain? Very delightfully, and with some profit withal, are the tenures of these Spanish estates investigated, and the varied rôle of their possessors called over. If you have not seen this amendment on the Peerage Book, we advise you to get it. Some other good things too, you will find appended—some in which the style may remind you of "The Sketch Book," and the tone of the "Essays of Elia." " [Albion.

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QUALITY OF MERCY (The) [by W: DEAN HOWELLS: *Harper*, 1892.] "is a tract for the times. It is purely realistic, and propounds a common problem of the day, to whose solution the author offers no aid. One meets again nearly every character who figured in "Annie Kilburn" [No. 189]; Annie herself appears but once or twice, and then for a moment only; but Putney, the Northwicks, the Hilarys, Mr. Gerrish, are personages of the new chapters of life in Hathboro. The frequent tale of the defaulter is told. Northwick, who has long been the treasurer of a great corporation of which Hilary is president, has for years, to use his self-considerate phrase, been borrowing the funds of the company to speculate with. The story begins just as this has been found out. The president, because he is an old friend of the family, gives Northwick 3 days in which to replace the stolen money. We hardly need say that Northwick makes for Canada that night. But he is not made of so strong a stuff as he had thought. Exile often breaks down the stoutest, and Northwick weakens mentally and physically until he would prefer an American jail to freedom in Canada, and he voluntarily returns to Hathboro, only to die on the way. In the mean time his family have stripped themselves of all they held, and his old friend Hilary has robbed himself to make good the speculations of Northwick. Disaster, shame and obloquy have been the result of greed; it is true the virtues of the Hilarys and the firmly-rooted principles of the defaulter's daughter shine more brightly by contrast, but they do not offset the misery caused by one man's sin. Nor does the

punishment of exile and ignominy better Northwick; he pities himself and hugs the hope that he may compromise,—that with his previous record the world will not press him too hardly, that mercy will be granted; and he dies in this conviction." [Springfield Republican].—"It is a better novel than "A Modern Instance," because the author keeps more closely to the story and indulges in fewer philosophical digressions. It is a study of a respectable bank defaulter. [San Francisco Chronicle].—"Northwick seems to be a type of men of his kind as true to life as Mr. Silas Lapham [No. 357] and Bartley Hubbard [No. 90]. The pleasure to be derived from reading this study is a purely literary one, and, great as that is, it can not dispel the depression caused by the subject's intrinsic pain. The author has, however, done his best to lighten inseparable gloom. Noticeably inspiring is the reporter,—genial, light-hearted, and kind in almost every relation of life, yet perfectly unscrupulous when animated by a desire to make a 'beat' in the interest of his paper. The perusal of the book must increase the admiration of the author's constant readers for the fidelity with which he has pursued his chosen way,—to present a series of pictures of common American life. They must also be impressed by that steady advance in knowledge which is helping him in his later works to represent his people as, after all, more human than American. And, without loss of brilliancy, his style has gained urbanity, even tenderness, and thus compels a personal affection through which intellectual admiration suffers no detracton." [Nation. 117 p

QUAKER GIRL OF NANTUCKET =  
No. 351.


QUAKER HOME (A). [by G: FOX  
TUCKER: Boston, *Russell*, 1890.] "The  
wil point involvd is òne of gréat interest.  
The book is pleasantly written, the anec-  
dotes and scenes ar largely taken from  
life, the descriptiv passages wil be readily  
recognized by visitors tō **New Bedford**,  
and the volume is of exceptional value in  
that, unlike òther novels written about  
Quakers, it givs a graphic and extremely  
interesting portrayal of the home-life,  
habits, customs, vues and religious con-  
victions, as wel as the beautiful traits of  
that "peculiar people." [Boston Tran-  
script. 117 m

QUEECHY [by SUSAN WARNER (1819-  
85): *Putnam*, 1854.] "is a book without  
a parallel, except in the "Wide Wide  
World" (No. 0401); and it is very hi  
praise tō say of it, as we can, that the  
natural refinement and beauty of sōme  
of the characters renders the book read-  
able in spite of the surprising vulgarity of  
most of them. Unless we ar very much  
in error in òur inferences from her writ-  
ings, this author has spent her days in a  
quiet country life,—the happiest and best

of all mōdes of life, but òne which is not  
the best preparation for the painter of  
fashionable manners. Her country peo-  
ple ar all true and forçible—coarse, but  
never vulgar; and had all the characters  
been made of such persons, the work  
would hav been unexceptionable. But  
when the Author attempts, as with the  
gréatest confidence she dōes, tō describe  
the best society of New-York, Paris, and  
London, her failure is too gréat tō be  
absurd; it is melancholy tō behold the  
working of a so ruinous mistake. Had  
Dickens written many of this lady's hi-  
society scenes, and introduced them as  
exposures of the vulgarities intō which  
the loest city shopkeepers and thèir wives  
and dauters fall by endeavoring tō assume  
the 'haut ton,' the satire would hav been  
accepted as a masterpiece . . . Tō an Eng-  
lish reader, the effect of many portions of  
"Queechy" must be particularly ludicrous  
and painful in this regard. For example,  
Mr. Carleton, a man of ançient and noble  
family, is not ònly a Methodist, but he  
carries his religion intō the ball-room, and  
discourses of the òne thing needful tō his  
partner in the dance." [North British  
Review. 117 s

to leave her in the country for 3 months with her own old nurse, now the wife of a well-to-do farmer. The girl, called the queen of her fastidious set at home, goes to the farm, and finds all her high breeding severely strained not to express openly her disdain at her homely surroundings. Preparing herself to be thoroly wretched, she overhears a conversation between the farmer and his wife, in which Dame Lucy tries to explain the dear mother's plan; and the girl's wish to be some time what her mother wishes, grows into a resolve. The change comes almost too suddenly to be artistic, but it is very welcome, and the book goes on with interesting accounts of her life and occupations at the farm. An agreeable humor pervades the book without in the least jarring upon the sense of fitness." [Nation. 118

QUEER PRINCESS. (A) [by F. EATON. *Lothrop*, 1888.] "A bright, quaint story. "The Princess" is a motherless little girl reared by an adoring circle of elders. Queer and precocious she is, but also sweet and lovable. Her playmate and housemate, Dick, a poor boy educated and cared for by Miss Minerva, an eccentric aunt of the "Princess," is a noble little fellow, but too refined for his antecedents. Various other child-figures add to the drollery and charm of the book, among whom Miss Flora is the greatest oddity. The story seems long-drawn-out, being a succession of scenes rather than a brisk narrative, and the style is peculiar; but the humor, good sense, and warm-hearted feeling make us forget the faults of the book." [Nation. 119

RACHEL ARMSTRONG,  "LOVE AND THEOLOGY."

RACHEL'S SHARE OF THE ROAD. [by KATE W. HAMILTON: *Osgood*, 1882] "The daughter of a railway king, wrapped in all luxury, Rachel's heart is loving and her foot and hand ready. . . . Rachel's opportunity lies among the few workmen upon the road with whom she comes in contact; and it is the skilful management of incidents, essentially melodramatic,

such as railroad strikes, shop-burnings, and the like, that the great merit of the book is shown. To use so much of them, and no more, as shall bring out the individual characteristics of the personages of the story, requires a power of reserve not often found out of the foremost rank of novelists. The story is not much more than a sketch, but the firm, delicate outlines, and clear, pure color, prove a hand which might succeed in more elaborate work." [Nation. 120

RALEIGH WESTGATE [by H. (K.) JOHNSON: *Appleton*, 1889.] "The writer has evidently lived long enuf in **New England** to become thoroly conversant with the peculiarities of the people. She displays a familiarity with their habits of mind, their modes of speech and of living that gives evidence of careful research. The romance which connects these character-pictures is of an unusual type and has a mystery interwoven with it which lifts the book out of the commonplace. The hero himself is an interesting study of individuality equally impressed by heredity and by circumstances. The evolution of a practical man from a dreamer is skillfully delineated." [Homemaker. 121

RAYMOND KERSHAW [by MARIA M. COX, *Roberts*, 1888.] "This story will surely meet with the success it well deserves. It is entertaining, it is helpful, it is sweet and wholesome; its influence is all for the gentle courtesies and amenities of life, for a wide charity and good will towards one's fellow beings; it is written in a clear and pleasing style; and the story, as a story, is engaging and of unflagging interest. . . . To relate how this young man, aided by Alison, had the change made to a farm which had been the father's costly "hobby," how the two formed and carried out a plan of laborious, self-sacrificing life there, how each of the household worked in his or her own way for the common good, how they found time and means to give holidays to the mill hands, who had loved their father, how everything prospered in the end—this seems to have been

the author's purpose." [Boston "Literary World." 122

RECOLLECTIONS OF AUTON HOUSE. [by "C. AUTON:" *Houghton*, 1876.] "Children of a larger growth, as the author admits in his preface, were the immediate audience for which these reminiscences were intended. . . It would be an injustice to this little book to pass it by among the ephemeral juvenile productions of the year. It is more than an irresistibly droll family history; it is a true picture of the domestic life of a period dating two generations back." [Nation. 123

REVEREND IDOL (A) [by LUCRETIA NOBLE: *Osgood*, 1882.] "is a study of summer life, which will better repay reading than critical examination. The scene of the story is laid on **Cape Cod** in vacation time, when the Rev. Kenyon Leigh and Miss Monny Rivers have got nicely domiciled in a quiet boarding-house—the one to work on his next winter's sermons, the other to pursue her rather solitary art-studies. The minister, tho a discreet and earnest man, has been hopelessly and helplessly a "reverend idol" among the women of the congregation, and has fled to 'the Cape' for a few summer weeks to possess his soul in peace and have the "usual half-holiday." He dreams, poor man, that, so far as female idolatry is concerned, he is safely "out of the business." Miss Monny Rivers, who has been more or less a reverend idol among the young men, and is certainly a piquant and charming girl, has come for a similar purpose. That is, she, too, would like a half-holiday from lovers. . . . The plot being thus simple and old-fashioned, the scenery is plain and easily moved, seldom shifted. The reverend hero is drawn not as a reverend, but as a hero. . . . Given a lively spirit, a saucy tongue, but a good heart, an artistic temperament, and an unbounded capacity of worship for the unknown and unknowable qualities of the heroic in man, and we have the ever old, ever new, and ever delightful woman whom it is always a

pleasure to see fall to the lot of a worthy man." [Scribner's. 124

RICHARD EDNEY. [by S. JUDD: *Phillips, Sampson & Co.*, 1850.] "With not a few faults, this is a capital book. For the most part, it is fresh, vigorous, and healthful; it is generally simple and natural; its domestic scenes are drawn to the life; and the reader sees at once that the whole is the result of real observation and of true feeling. . . It is 'a tale, simple and popular, yet cultured and noble, of morals, sentiments and life,' practically treated and pleasantly illustrated; and its hints on being good and doing good are such as will commend themselves to the intellect and heart of the heedful reader. The scene is laid in the neighborhood of an interior town in far-off **Maine**, upon the borders of one of its broad rivers, and in the midst of a vast timber region, the characteristics of which are depicted with great power." [Knickerbocker. 125

ROCKY FORK [by M.. (H.) CATHERWOOD, *Lothrop*, 1882.] "tells the story of a few summer days in a little neighborhood of farmhouses of central **Ohio** long ago. The children are the central figures, but there is a due background of older people. The book has simplicity and sweet homeliness. Very rarely has plain country life been so faithfully described. It seems usually impossible to do it without a tinge of vulgarity, which is just what true American country-life escapes. Some fine fibre in American nature, when close to fields and woods and sky, keeps it always noble, however rude the exterior. If there is a hint, towards the end of the book, that refined manners are of their nature insincere, it is evidently a tribute to some supposed prejudice of the sort, not out of the writer's own conviction. Her people are all graciously attractive. . . . It is useless to try to transplant the children. They must be known in their own woods and meadows. 'Theirs was a blessed world of happy "make-believes" where simple pleasures yet had charm.' [Nation. 126

commonplace." [Nation.

135

SHADY SIDE, OR LIFE IN A COUNTRY PARSONAGE, (THE) [by MARTHA (S.) HUBBELL: *Jewett*, 1853.] "This is a new edition of a book too widely known to ask for criticism. We are told that, at its first appearance, no fewer than 50,000 copies were required to satisfy the demand. If the circulation of the book serves, in any degree, to waken our rural community to a sense of their frequent injustice touching the ministers of religion,—what to give them and what to expect from them, we hope the last edition may find as many readers as the first." [Church Monthly.

136

SIMPLY A LOVE STORY. [by P. ORNE, *Cupples*, 1885.] "The scenes are in a New England fishing-town, and are described with all the invigorating interest that comes of the peculiar life on its shore and on its adjacent waters. The leading actor is a sea-captain's daughter. . . . The action is lively and holding, deriving particular interest from its opposition of character and its counterplots. It is well managed to lead up to an unexpected finale." [Boston "Globe."

137

SIX TO ONE [by E. BELLAMY, *Putnam*, 1878.] "is as bright as any one could wish. The One is a broken-down New York editor who goes to Nantucket to recruit; the Six are the maidens unto whose mercies he falls, and they begin his torture by promising one another not to hold any private tête-à-têtes with him. Nevertheless, the end is seen from the beginning. Two of them fall in love with him, and he falls in love with only one, the gentlest and shyest of all, whose pleasures and emotions have hitherto been associated only with the sea. This life-long, intimate inweaving of her moods with the changing ocean-view makes the transition to a life centred in human relations a difficult experience, and the conflict is the most refined conception in the book, and is pleasing until the dénouement comes. . . . Except for some melodrama and extremely bad taste like this, and some remarkable

sallies of wit, the book has much merit." [Nation.

138

SNOWBOUND AT EAGLE'S [by BRET HARTE: *Houghton*, 1886.] "is of as little value as anything he has written. Regarded as a story, it is worthless. Regarded in detail, for its bits of description, keen conversations, witty sayings, it has the excellences found in everything from the same strong hand. Harte never makes a slip in turning a sentence, or a paragraph, or a brief episode; but when the story is nothing, and when in his excellent handling of details he still does not make any strikingly brilliant or humorous points, readers will not care much for the book; there is nothing in it but the technique, and that interests only the specialist in literary criticism. As in everything of Harte's, the external sincerity, the careful truth to nature, as far as her sights and sounds go, is constantly marred by an unreality, a theatrical insincerity, even a defect of observation, in dealing with human nature." [Overland.] "The characters are well drawn: J. Hale, the transplanted gentleman of culture; his weak and slightly faded wife; his shallow-minded but positive mother-in-law; Colonel Clinch, who strives to hit the happy mean between law and lawlessness; Zeenie, the coarse backwoods beauty; and even Falkner, the mysterious and moustached villain pro tempore. George Lee, and Kate, the heroine, so far as the story has a heroine, are more feebly drawn; the former is the familiar noble-hearted rascal and rake, who never 'went back' on a friend or insulted a respectable woman. The blemish in the story is the unpleasant flirtation of Lee and Mrs. Hale, and the gratuitous suspicion of a similar fault on the part of Hale towards Zeenie. The conclusion is mildly dramatic; we seem to be transported to the theatre, and hear the ladies adjusting their wraps and the gentlemen hunting for their hats, in the uneasy 5 minutes before the curtain falls." [Crit-

139

SOMEBODY'S NEIGHBORS. [by

SHOEPAC' RECOLLECTIONS [by "Walter March," i. e., ORLANDO BOLIVAR WILLCOX: N.-Y., *Bunce*, 1856.] "is a fine, delightful story. It is fine in every sense, not stained by a single attempt at fine writing. The scene of the story is **Detroit**. 'Ours was a little antiquated city. Its inhabitants wer mostly French. At the time I came upon the stage, the transition tō a modern American town had scarcely begun. The body of the population was stil of the 'ancien régime.' The few Americans wer officers, or ex-officers, of either the general or the territorial gōvernment, and thēir families, relatives, dependents, and friends, whōm thēy had persuaded tō venture beyond the "jumping-off place," as Buffalo was then termed. The spirit of emigration had not been fully aroused, and the spirit of speculation, if felt at all, was confined tō the fur-traders, a class made up of all nations.' The book pictures Detroit as a small Paradise in those days. Living in this pleasant place, misfortune cōmes upon the March family. The father dies, and the mōther, with her three boys and a girl, ar left tō thēir ōn resources. The account of thēir struggles and thēir triumphs make up this exquisit story, this fine and faithful history of a family." [Criterion.]—It is "a delightful picture of life upon the Canadian frontier; full of pictures delicately limned; of humor exquisitly touched; of character finely shaded—a fresh, spirited, true, and almost perfect book." [Mrs. Stephens' Mag. 136 k

ROSE (TERRY) COOKE: *Osgood*, 1881.]  
 "....Connecticut is seen once or twice in the stories which follow, which all relate to quaint **New England** life of the "Sam Lawson" order, with much dialect, local slang, and other familiar coloring. One of the best is "*Cal Culver and the Devil*." Cal was the village do-nothing, with his mind "nigh about made up" on an all important question: . . . The titles of Mrs. Cooke's stories are as suggestive as anything further we can say of them—such as "*Dely's Cove*," "*Miss Beulah's Bonnet*," "*Polly Mariner, Tailoress*," "*Squire Paine's Conversion*," and "*Mrs. Flint's Married Experience*." [Boston "Literary World." 140

**SOUTH COUNTY NEIGHBORS** [by ESTHER B. CARPENTER, *Roberts*, 1888.]  
 "By "South County" is meant the Narragansett region in **Rhode-Island**, which has more people of peculiar character than one would be likely to find anywhere else in New England, unless it might be in some out-of-the-way corner where an aboriginal element still lingers. A collection of country folk with more individuality, more oddities, is seldom found between the covers of a book. The sketches are bright, racy, with plenty of mother wit, and each character as original as if he or she were the only specimen of the kind, yet all are vital with the humanity which makes the whole race kin. "Bucolic and seafaring types" the author designates them, and asserts that they are "simply types, rather than likenesses" but the reader will feel sure that they are excellent dashes, at least, at portraiture." [Boston "Literary World." 141

**SPHINX'S CHILDREN, (THE)** [by ROSE (TERRY) COOKE, *Ticknor*, 1886.]  
 "Every page of Mrs. Cooke's work shows thótful painstaking. 'The Sphinx's Children' is but the name of a rather fantastic [and almost unreadable] sketch which is prefixed to a collection of the stories. One of them, "The Deacon's Week," with the sweet sobriety of its working-day piety, has long ago made its way round the

world. The stories all contribute to the impression of careful observation with much loving sympathy, and of a constant aim after the simplest and most effective expression. So many of them are in a minor key that the sadness becomes a burden. In some shape or other, the ever-recurring subject is the forbidding aspect of New England [**Connecticut**] life, one or two generations ago, and the revolt of the younger or more ardent spirits against it. The total effect is to make it duller, colder, harder, than it really was. One drive along the old Connecticut turnpikes will show proof enuf of the existence of a large and generous life, side by side with such homes as Mrs. Cooke has preferred for her chief study. Her picture to be complete should more fully include both. At least, the apple blossoms come once a year in New England." [Nation. 142

**STEADFAST**; [by ROSE (TERRY) COOKE: *Ticknor*, 1889.] "Whatever Mrs. Cooke writes is eagerly accepted by her public, which is large and intelligent. Her stories of New England life are the best in the language, none excepted. "Steadfast," her first novel, is the successor of "Somebody's Neighbors." The scene is laid in a hill township in **Connecticut**.... The studies of New England character and manners of 150 years ago are able and conscientious.... Indisputably the finest part of the book is the episode—it is hardly more—of Rachel Mather's love and sufferings. Her marriage, her long martyrdom and her beautiful mission to husband and parish are depicted with equal strength and delicacy. Esther, passion-driven, undisciplined, and tossed between alternate sinnings and repentings, is an artistic contrast. What may be called the second-class characters are, as usual, in Mrs. Cooke's hands, inimitable. She has done nothing better than Deacon Ammi and Miss Tempy." [Home-maker. 143

**STILLWATER TRAGEDY, (THE)** [by T. B. ALDRICH: *Houghton*, 1880.]  
 "The motive of the story is a murder. The



SPARROWGRASS PAPERS (The) [by F: SWARTWOUT COZZENS (1818-69): N.-Y., *Derby*, 1856.] is "a very charming book, redolent of geniality, gentleness, quaint humor, and sound philosophy; and if this praise appear at first sight too hī, it wil, we think, be borne out by careful examination. For the moral lessons (which ar insinuated, rather than inculcated by these playful effusions) ar excellent and greatly needed. You hav lāfed probably, from month tō month, over the mishaps and disappointments of the Sparrowgrasses in their efforts at perfect rural bliss. But hav you nothing noted of the contented, good-tempered, and lōving spirit which under the general tone of badinage? If so, you hav read carelessly and unprofitably, and wil dō wel tō read again. Depend upon it, thēre ar not a few of us whō hav mentally "got the heavens, got 'em bad, too," and go fuming and fussing throu life tō the annoyance of ōurselvs and ōthers, because town and country, men, women, public affairs and private, won't cōme out precisely as we wish. In the way of books, it might be advisable for such vain searchers after the philosopher's stone tō try dieting for a while on (C:) Lamb and Sparrowgrass." [Albion.]—"Mr. Cozzens is a true humorist.

He unites the exuberance of fun, the simple pathos, and the quic sympathy and perception which make that most delightful quality which has been claimed by a competent critic tō be almost peculiar, in its fullness, tō modern literature. Delicate sarcasm, truthful painting, picturesque description, and gushing geniality ar so harmoniously combined in the Sparrowgrass Papers, that they seem tō us tō be a most valuable addition tō ōur literature, and tō place the author amōngst the most promising of ōur younger writers. The sketches ar entirely free from caricature; they ar full of nature and familiar life, and they sho in so sparkling detail, and ar a so lively and carefully studied commentary upon the amusing episodes of country or suburban experience, that we can not dismiss them merely as gay magazine papers. We ar essentially a serious people. Satire which has a sting, and a moral drift, is not uncommon in ōur literature. But pure fun and sweet sarcasm ar not tō be easily çited, except from Irving. The Sparrowgrass Papers ar of that graceful, humane, and genial school; and we shal easily be pardoned ōur natural pride that Mr. Sparrowgrass first told in ōur pages his story of "Living in the Country." [Putnam's. 141 p

**SQUIBOB PAPERS (The)** [by G: HORATIO DERBY (1823-61): N.-Y., *Carleton*, 1865.] "Ten years ago was published a volume entitled "Phoenixiana, or Sketches and Burlesques, by John Phoenix," which received a cordial and general welcome. It was composed of miscellaneous articles of a humorous character, which had first seen the light in California . . . The spirit of this book was spontaneous, exuberant, and uncontrollable fun. That spirit still wins applause for "Phoenixiana." Mr. Derby has been dead several years, and new humorists have sprung up, in this prolific American soil—humorists of diverse gifts and of singular talents. Yet "John Phoenix" retains his supremacy in this particular department of letters, sharing his kingdom only, perhaps, with "Artemus Ward." We believe, too, that his reputation is destined to endure. His humor cropped out of a substratum of truth, and it pictured, as well as lived at, peculiar phases of American manners and social life. Sometimes, too, it went a little deeper, and curiously lit-up human nature. This is seen as well in *The Squibob Papers*, as in its better known predecessor. This new volume has been made up of selections from the unpublished writings left by Captain Derby, 27 in number." [Albion. 142 h

**SQUIRREL INN (The).** [by FRANK R: STOCKTON: N.-Y., *Century Co.*, 1891.] "The friskiness of the name of the inn fits well the story, which is as nimble as one could desire. All the figures are on the alert, and succeed in placing themselves in the most unexpected

situations at every turn. In this, as in other of Mr. Stockton's stories, there is an odd effect produced by the old-fashioned address indulged in by the men toward the women. It really seems as if, in this author's eyes, a woman were a most unaccountable creature." [Atlantic.]—It is "something like a Jonsonian comedy of "humors," modern and Stocktonian, of course, yet as fantastic in creation as anything in the elder master's work. The world of the eccentric persons who are met incongruously in the "Squirrel" is the world of none of us, whatever our nationality, and peopled of strange creatures. The landlord of the inn receives summer boarders, conditionally. They must be friends of that irreproachable family, the Rockmores of Germantown. No others need apply. You may know everybody else in Philadelphia; but unless the Rockmores know you the "Squirrel" will not receive you . . . A wild and genial Irishman, a quaint spinster from a neighboring village, a young lady of studious tastes who acts as nurse to a pleasing and useful baby, and the mother of this baby help to cheer the landlord and his wife by their company. Lastly, there is a literary young man who does not know the Rockmores of Germantown, but is introduced by a stratagem through the arts of a charming young widow, the mother of the baby. The love-making and match-making, the plotting and counter-plotting, which ensue beggar description. It is a maze of pleasant devices, an imbroglio which is excellently diverting." [Saturday Review. 142 j

first thing to be said about the author's treatment of it is that it is not sensational. The author has realized exactly how such a tragedy would affect a New England village. And yet there is nothing in the story in the nature of a police report. The affair is idealized enough to remove it from that. . . Mr. Aldrich knows the New England girl. With a real and yet poetic hand Margaret appears on the scene, with the mingled sweetness and strength of her class. The love scenes between Richard and Margaret are tender and engaging. . . In his treatment of the labor problem, is shown an insight and strength, in regard to practical questions, which might not have been demanded of a poet and a romancer. We do not know anywhere a more admirable description than he gives us of a "strike." All its illogical passion and futility are sketched to the life. Nor will the reader find elsewhere a better portrait of a manufacturing village, with all the grime of it revealed and nothing overdrawn. Such pictures are apt to give the reader a horror, and convince him that living in them would be impossible for a cleanly disposed person. But the author gives the compensating aspects of the place, and we see that residence in Stillwater would not be a martyrdom. The whole book, in short, is sane and sensible. [Hartford (Conn.) Courant. 144

STORY OF A BAD BOY, (THE) [by T. B. ALDRICH, *Fields*, 1869.] ".... Much of Master Tom's "badness" was comparative, and, perhaps, thrown into unfair relief by the puritanic austerity of the quaint New England town [Portsmouth, N. H.] where he lived, whose inhabitants, "were many of them pure Christians every day of the seven, except the seventh." But Master Tom has his faults, besides his disposition to evade the Sunday School. He assisted in adding an old stage-coach to a Fourth-of-July bonfire; he joined a secret society of young lads, yecept "The Centipedes," the walk of whose various feet was ungodly; he aided and abetted in the setting off of an

ancient and decayed battery, to the midnight alarm of the people of Rivermouth; he changed the signs in the Rivermouth streets; he ran away to go to sea. All of which is picturesquely, and, we fear, fascinatingly set forth, with some account of his loves for a wonderful pony, who returned his affection, and a grown-up lady, who didn't. The characters are well drawn, tho not so well as to divide the interest with the hero, who is, in fact, himself a subordinate figure to the incidents. There is good taste, as well as good sense, in the treatment of the "fight with Conway," and the ingenious elision of merely coarse details. The love-scene, where Tom's grown up Dulcinea characteristically evades his passion, and settles his *status* by "rumbling his hair all over his forehead," is natural and half pathetic. Taken altogether, Mr. Aldrich's little friend stands a much better chance of living in literature than many grown-up heroes." [Overland. 145

STORY OF A COUNTRY TOWN. (THE) [by E. W. HOWE: *Osgood*, 1884.] "The author has described a community which feeds its higher life with a faith no longer held as an aspiration, but as a warning; the people, meanwhile, have been dislocated from the conditions which brôt them into healthy association with the world. They are engaged in a sordid struggle for existence; they have lost their ideals, and the world seems to mock at them. A more dreary waste than the country town which Mr. Howe describes could not well be imagined. It appears to have no traditions, even, of beauty, and certainly no anticipations of hope. It is degraded spiritually and mentally, and nature itself seems to take on the prevailing gray hue, and to shut in upon the narrowing circle of life. The circumstances of this life are recorded with a pitiless fidelity. . . It is a Western [Kansas] town,—that is all we know. He uses a merciless frankness of speech, and there is a remarkable candor in his manner; it is only when the reader has separated him-

STORY OF A CHILD (THE) [by MA. WADE (CAMPBELL) DELAND: *Houghton*, 1892.] "is a book of singular power and charm. It is a study of imaginativ childhood, with its wonderful capacity of self-torture, its infinit refinements of self-pity, its restless creativ faculty, its wild enigmatic yearnings for the unspeakable, and its impatient scorning of material limitations. The revelation of these things is effected as with a master-key. The sympathy and insight ar so delicate, penetrativ, and intense as tō suggest an intuitiv process. The Chaucerian phrase "subtle-piercing" is the one adequate term which expresses the peculiar quality of the charm. It is a fine circumstance of irony that the imaginativ child of the story should hav a precocious, shallo little worldling for her chosen companion. Tō Effie the serious and passionate attempts of Ellen tō realize her imaginativ ideas appear tō be nōthing but play. Ellen is just simply the "funniest girl" of her acquaintance. The association of the twō is deeply pathetic and humorous as presented, the humor and the pathos of it being suggested with admirable art, blended indefinitely as the joys and sorrōs of childhood ar . . . Thère is not a touch of excess in the treatment of the extremely delicate and complex situation. One such touch, indeed, would suffice tō imperil the foundations of the work, but we find nothing of the sort in this remarkable little book." [Saturday Review.]—"Not only has the author of John Ward [No. 63] excelled any of her previous works—so far as style is concerned—in this volume; she has produced the most remarkable and most intimate study of a child's mind we kno . . . But the book is quite as much

a study of surroundings and heredity as of the mind of a child with pagan instincts, and a grandmōther whō seeks too severely tō curb them. It is easy tō take in Old-Chester, a hundred years behind the times, in the opinion of such of its natives as hav left it for what they account as the "grêat world." One can easily picture it as it "lies amōng the roling hills of Western Pennsylvania,—hills which hav never echoed with the scream of the locomotiv, but ar folded in a beautiful green silence, broken only by the silken ripple of little streams which run across the meadōs, or throu the dappled shadōs of the woods." In Old-Chester everybody knoes everybody else, and lvs like everybody else. It is a puritanic community. They mark time by the notable transgressions of others. A particular period is remembered thus: "Henry Temple"—he is the ambitious worldling of the village—"voted the wrong ticket the year thère was a snowstorm when the apple-trees wer in bloom." You can with perfect ease take in all the characters which figure in the story. Thère is Mrs. Dale whōse life with the brilliant, weak old man, her husband, has ossified her conduct intō a too stern rectitude. Thère ar the Temples,—Henry, the worldling, whō lvs but little in Old-Chester; his invalid wife; and his sister Jane, whō nurses that wife and, still more, an affection for Tommy Dove, the mild apothecary, whōm, however, her brother has driven from his house as not good enuf tō be her husband. Thère is Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Dale's nébor, whō, "despite her 45 years, was stil in the bubbling in consequence of youth." Abōve all, thère ar the twō children,—Effie Temple, the dauter of the worldling, and Ellen Dale, whō has in

her more of her pagan grandfather than of her severely Christian grandmother. Effie it is whō, being a child of (comparativ) luxury, teaches Ellen discontent with her surroundings and her grandmother's system of education. But Effie has not the imagination or the resolution of her playmate. Ellen is confined tō her house because she has struc the servant, Betsy Thomas, and has declined tō apologise for the blo. Effie suggests that they shal run away tōgether. Ellen agrees, but Effie turns coward at the last moment. So Ellen runs away alone, saying tō her faithless companion:—"I'll write tō you, tho I don't think you ar a very good friend." But besides the marked influence of heredity and surroundings on Ellen Dale, it is that mysterious sōmething apart from both which means originality of character, which constitutes her special fascination. She is a Wordsworthian child, and yet, also, a Shelleyan one,—inasmuch as her imagination is always seeking tō overleap itself. We hav said enuf tō sho that thère is no child in recent fiction better worth making the acquaintance of than Ellen Dale." [Spectator.]—"Miss De-land has given a charming picture of life in a New-England (sic!) village. Here time passes quiely—the inhabitants, their houses, their trim-bordered gardens, ar all much alike—equally polite, reservd, and gently critical of one anōther. But the little town has its character. Thère the young person finds no scope: is, in fact, kept in exemplary subjection. He is taut that when he is in the company of his elders and betters, it is tō profit by example, and be grateful for adviçe. But intō this little prim world is born a child full of imagination and impulse, whōse

grandfather had been deemed a blac sheep in Old Chester. This child, being easily influenced, fel under the sway of a minx in short dresses—dauter of a nēbor whō livd usually in New-York. Now this precoçious young person soon persuaded her friend that submission tō the Old Chester ideal was absurd. And after several attempts at rebellion—which brōt dismay and grief tō the grandmother and household—the children made up their minds tō run away. When the fateful moment came, Ellen was steadfast, but the othē's courage failed her, and thus Mrs. Dale's granddauter went alone intō the wide world. How she wandered and suffered fatigue, fear and hunger, is very prettily and naturally described, and long before the 24 hōurs absēce ended the poor little wanderer had realized the folly of her escapade. Also the lōve-story of twō elderly persons is described with much tenderness and sympathy. Altōgether the book is a wholesōme and faithful picture of child-life—with a bacground of grave experiences, gracefully touched." [National Observer.]—"Not alone tō the author's earlier characters is little Ellen Dale a happy foil, but tō many latter-day writings from othē pens, in which a preposterous rage of nondescripts pass for real children. No one can read of this child and not be touched tō the inmost consciousness by the living, breathing reality of the little maid. Her head is half in the clouds, half upon the affairs of her elders; her warm little heart is full, not of schemes of reforming her grandmother or of elevating the masses, but of childish play and the reproduction in her games of the delightful fairies, princesses or martyrs of her reading." [Nation. 145 p

self from the fascination of the style that he perceives how completely the whole book is spun from the brain of the writer. . . . Nature is as cheerless as human life, and the book is a nightmare without the customary self-conviction of the nightmare." [Atlantic. 146

SUMMER IDYL (A) [by "CHRISTIAN REID," *Appleton*, 1878.] "is a tranquil and well-told story of summer leisure and pleasant family life in the beautiful scenery of the mountains of **North Carolina**. In it one may find various and quiet pleasure." [Nation. 147

SUMMER IN A CANON. (A) [by KATE D. WIGGIN, *Houghton*, 1889.] "Pleasanter far is Mrs. Wiggin's "A Summer in a Canon." And this not only to Western readers familiar with the sort of life pictured, but probably even more to those to whom the outdoor summer, with no postponements on account of the weather, is first made real in these pages. It is a simple story of the life of a party of bright young people, guided by one or two wise older ones, in a camping trip in Southern **California**. Their fun and their mishaps and their amusements and adventures, and most of all their merry talks and spicy letters, are made very interesting. There is no sentimentality in the book, and the one girl who tries to introduce a little coquetry is vigorously disapproved by these healthy young folk. This breezy, outdoors life, with its moral and physical healthfulness, its sparkling wit and kindly fun, will cause the book to be loved by young people, and by all older people, too, whose hearts are still young." [Overland. 148

SUMMER IN LESLIE GOLDTHWAITE'S LIFE. (A) [by A. D. (T.) WHITNEY: *Ticknor*, 1867.] "The story of the "Summer" is told in a charming style, and abounds in happy hits and suggestive thòts at home and in the mountains, and has many a capital lesson." [Radical.] "Simple, natural, and homely, thòtful, earnest, and human," we find on these pages one of the best

stories for young people,—and for old, too, which was ever written. . . . Thus passing her holiday time among the mountains, rattling over the stony roads or playing croquet upon the lawn, climbing rocky hillsides, or darning stockings and making children's dresses. And when she went to her home it was with a fuller heart and a ripper soul than that with which she had left it, and you who go with her to the story's end will feel yourself a debtor to this young life. Leslie Goldthwaite is the figment of a novelist's brain perhaps, but the humanity in her appeals to that in your heart and ours, which recognizes it as akin to itself." [Friend. 149

SUMMER IN OLDPORT HARBOR. (A) [by W. H. METCALF: *Lippincott*, 1887.] "A breezy novel, full of the flavor of out-door life, just the book to take up at the sea-shore for an idle hour on the veranda. It concerns principally the experiences of a young doctor and his artist chum, who come to Cup Island, near the **Connecticut** shore, to pass their vacation, and who are joined by the sister of one of the young men and her nearest friend, who bring with them Bid, a maid-of-all-work to superintend the cooking arrangements of a very primitive cottage. The descriptions of natural scenery are clever and realistic, the character-drawing is generally very good, and Mr. Sandy, the village postmaster and shop-keeper of Oldport, is sketched with a good deal of humor." [Boston "Gazette." 150

SUZETTE [by M.. S. (N.) TIERNAN: *Holt*, 1886.] "is not exactly a picture of Richmond [Va.] in the forties, being rather a chronicle of pleasant family life. The old city, with its generous homes and its traditions, fills in the edges and the corners of the canvas much after the fashion in which the garden is introduced, or the hills, in the pictures which artists describe as figures with landscape. Miss Tiernan follows very closely the method of grouping by contrasts—the lonely little heroine, almost a waif, in the chill grandeur of the great house, and the beloved daughter and

SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS. [by G: WASHINGTON HARRIS (1814-69): N.-Y., *De Witt*, 1867.] "Of this mythical personage, the last of the band of American Humorists, so called, we hardly kno what tō say, except that he has amused us sōme, wearied us more, and disgusted us not a little. As bad spelling is now deemed ōne of the essentials of humor, we wer prepared tō encounter it here, but we wer not prepared, we confess, for the entire absence of humor by which it is thērein characterized. The fault may lie in the writer, whō seems tō hav no genius in that direction, or it may lie in the dialect which he attempts tō reproduce. What this dialect really is, we kno not, but we should say at a venture that it was the mixed speech of the "mean whites" of Tennessee and Kentucky. The hero, Sut Lovingood, describes himself as a "durn'd fool," but

is in reality anything else, being a smart, tho ignorant country youth, with a long pair of legs and a grēat talent for running fast, a strong passion for cheap whiskey, and, if possible, a stronger passion for "selling" his nēbors, and being "sold" by them in turn, as in "Parson Bullen's Lizards," "A Razor Grinder in a Thunder Storm," "Sicily Burns's Wedding," "Old Burns' Bull Ride," the whole volume, in fact, being a glorification of the "sell," or practical joke. Many of Sut's jokes ar amusing, but most ar open tō the charge of coarseness. The coarseness in question is partly in conception, and partly in execution. An element of farce in its loosest sense, meaning thēreby incidents of the most lāfable description, strung tōgether without regard tō probability or possibility, is, in ōur way of thinking, about the ōnly merit which Mr. Harris' volume possesses." [Albion. 150 w

sister in the bustling life of a home which affection makes glad in spite of slender means; two men, the one growing into a lonely recluse, the other frank-hearted, giving and winning confidence. The types are none of them new, but they are saved from being conventional by the freshness of the author's fancy and the ingenuity and originality of the incidents. The surroundings, too, are novel, for all **Southern** cities are still very remote from us, and life in them as it was forty years ago is utterly different from the hurried rush of city life today. A small circle, living on, generation after generation, without change, develops a community of interest known nowhere else. The life was certainly narrow, yet its sympathies were thereby the deeper. It is easy to call it indifferent, idle, or by a harsher term, but in it all there was a charm of placid leisure such as survives in the pages of 'Sir Charles Grandison.'" [Nation. 151

SWALLOW-BARN [by J: P. KENNEDY: *Putnam*, 1851.] "Its quiet yet forcible pictures are of that class which live in the memory, because they are true sketches of homely, every-day life. It really does one's heart good to follow the author in his limnings of country-life in the 'Old Dominion' some 30 years ago; the portraits of the characters who made up her quiet and happy neighborhoods; 'the mellow, bland, and sunny luxuriance of her old-time society;' the good fellowship of 'Old **Virginia**;' its hearty and constitutional companionableness, the thriftless gayety of the people, their dogged but amiable invincibility of opinion, and that overflowing hospitality which 'knew no retiring ebb'." [Knickerbocker. 152

TALES OF NEW-ENGLAND [by S. O. JEWETT: *Houghton*, 1890.] "Eight of Miss Jewett's stories, selected from her previous volumes, make a group of quiet pictures of quaint, homely people living everyday lives in uneventful places. The most delicate art gives interest to apparently barren material. Without an effort

at creating an effect, the author presents real life with reverential truthfulness, and shows how even the most unprepossessing people have their "history," worthy of contemplation. Many of the characters are **New England** "old maids," but most of these cherish the memory of some romance. The men are plain speaking folk, and are not without their own important life services. For a piece of exquisite literary art, there has been nothing published lately in short stories more perfect than "*Miss Tempy's Watchers*." Other stories have their own charm." [Boston (Mass.) "Journal." 153

TALLAHASSEE GIRL (A) [by MAURICE THOMPSON: *Osgood*, 1882.] "abounds in crudities of thought and absurdities of expression at which it is impossible not to smile; yet, it is quite the best of the "Round-Robin Series." Its sketches are broken, but one catches from them the charm of the faded dignity, the drowsy afternoon calm of the old **Southern** capital. Lucie, the heroine, is a gracious figure, and it is in her portrait and in the conception of the relations of the three men of the story to her and to each other, that the marked merit of the book lies. The delicacy and reserve of handling with which the main idea is developed, even in the extravagance of style, suggest a musician who can compose a sweet and tender harmony and yet knows not quite how to manage the pedals. The surmise is obvious that the book is a first effort. If so, it is either a chance hit of unusual felicity, or else it is the evident promise of something better." [Nation. 154

TENTING AT STONY BEACH [by M.. L. POOL: *Houghton*, 1888.] "Humor here occasionally degenerates into smartness; nevertheless it is for the most part genuine humor, and it includes a lively sense of character both among the South Shore [**Cape Cod**] natives and the summer folk. The pretty girl of our civilization, who pushes into the canvas homes of the tenters, is cautious with much of Mr. James's neatness, while Yates, the "shif-



less toot," and his beautiful energetic wife, and Randy Rankin and her husband, are verities beyond his range. It is a pity that Miss Pool does not hold her hand altogether from caricature and melodrama, but it must be owned she does not." [Howells. 155]

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY [by W: D. HOWELLS: *Osgood*, 1872.] ".... Basil and Isabel March, after a broken engagement, have married, and, some weeks afterward, start upon their wedding journey, having a horror of being looked upon as a bridal pair.... Their journey is up the Hudson, across New York to Niagara, then to Canada, and thence home. Any extracts we might make would give little sense of the exquisite flavor of the whole, and our readers will find content only in reading the volume. It is a pleasant book when you are tired, and when you are not; and, while it will entertain your hour of leisure, it will assert its worth even in your busier moments." [Overland. 156]

THEOPHILUS AND OTHERS [by M.. (M.) DODGE: *Scribner*, 1876.] "is not fairly a novel: it is a collection of short sketches. It is full of humor, and altho there are at times signs of watering the jokes, there is hardly one of the sketches which is not entertaining. The first and longest one, 'Dobb's Horse,' is a fair sample of Mrs. Dodge's humor in its derision of the seeker after pleasure in the country. But perhaps the best is 'Miss Malony on the Chinese Question.' 'Our Debating Society Skeleton' also shows how a good story can be well told. The book is not one of great importance, and the humor is of an irresponsible kind which does not strike very deep, but it is always innocent and agreeable." [Nation. 157]

THOUSAND A YEAR (A) [by MRS. E. M. BRUCE: *Lee & Shepard*, 1866.] "is a romance full of reality. It describes the trials of a clergyman and his family, living, or rather starving, on inadequate salaries: tho it belongs to the "Shady-Side" literature, it is written in a genial mood, and abounds in wit and humor. If you would

know something of the unrequited toil of a class of men (and of their overworked and patient wives) to whom American civilization owes a debt which can never be paid, get the book and read it, and do something to lift their heavy burdens." [Monthly Rel. Mag. 158]

THREE GENERATIONS. [by SARAH A. EMERY: *Lee & Shepard*, 1872.] "It is a view of country life in Massachusetts in the closing years of the last, and first of the present, centuries—a series of sketches, it may be called, connected by a story. In point of literary merit it is far inferior to Mrs. Stowe's work; but in minuteness and fidelity of description, and a certain realism which it is not easy to analyze, it must rank higher.... Its scene is laid, for the most part, in and near Newburyport, and many of its incidents seem to be facts, or founded on facts. For those who live, or have lived, in that ancient city, the book will possess an interest that we should in vain try to define; and all who have reverence for the past, and care to know what life was in the early days of the nation—every day life, in one of the most notable communities of New England—will find it an entertaining, and, we believe, accurate report." [Boston "Literary World." 159]

TOMPKINS AND OTHER FOLKS [by P. DEMING, *Houghton*, 1885.] "Readers of the magazines have already met '*Tompkins and Other Folks*.' However, the stories lose nothing by being grouped, and any one who enjoys encountering an old acquaintance in good company will take up the volume with pleasure. The chief charm of the stories is their quietness; after that, perhaps, in their suggestiveness, tho they owe not a little to their tone of kindly humor and mildness. Mr. Deming avoids the disagreeable things in life; his stories show a disposition to be lively—not from animal spirits, but from that genial attitude of mind induced by looking on the bright side. That Tompkins should lose his illusions, and turn from the enthusiastic hopes of his college days to auc-

tioneering in Chicago, might be made to seem a genuine tragedy. Yet most young men are enthusiastic, their hopes have some such ending as Tompkins'; and Mr. Deming prefers to dwell, in his pleasant, half-pathetic way, on the auctioneer's unromantic love affair and his warm-hearted remembrances of early days. One or two of the stories are hardly more than sketches. "The Court in Schoharie" is nothing but the description of court week in a slumberous, old-fashioned village among the Catskills; but it is done with such a touch of sympathy—the influence of the simple people and their humble, picturesque surroundings on the old Judge's remaining bit of sentiment is so delicately suggested—that the piece is better than a story would have been. This sketch and "*Mr. Toby's Wedding Journey*" make the best of the book: but throughout there is an evenness both in matter and in style that makes a choice almost entirely a matter of taste." [Nation. 160

TWO COLLEGE GIRLS [by H. D. BROWN: *Ticknor*, 1888.] "is an attempt at a 'Tom Brown' for a girls' college,—presumably Vassar. Without succeeding to the fullest extent, the book is an interesting and amusing story of the life of the girl undergraduate. The characteristics of the New England girl are brôt into sharp contrast with the Chicago girl, her room-mate; yet the differences are shown to be more of early association and education than inherent in the real characters of the girls. The demure maiden whose home is 'seventy miles from Boston' never had the chance to develop a frivolous liking for frizzes and ribbons, and the Chicago girl is not without her serious aspirations, in spite of her giggling and fondness for pickles. The influence of these two on each other, mutual repulsion, gradually disappearing on closer knowledge, is well shown. Of course, the quiet girl captures the brother of her room-mate, and at the end is borne off to married felicity in Chicago." [Overland]. "The heroine—a singularly unattractive and provincial

young woman, of that narrow experience and rigid integrity of nature typical of the better class of New England farmers—made her first exit from her village to take her examinations for what was really her entrance, not only to college, but to a broad and healthful life. There she met the hundred different types of people which make up the great world. Intellectual girls, rich and fashionable girls, girls of all kinds, some of them immeasurably her inferiors in acquirements, and yet possessed of that nameless attraction which made them beloved by everybody, and which she herself so conspicuously lacked. To her chagrin, she discovered that good scholarship was not the one standard of judgment, and that to be loved and honored it was not enough to have entered as a sophomore. For some months she nursed the natural pride which in her little New England village had seemed to her a pledge of her superiority, until her isolation became unbearable. Then she came to recognize the truth that without the grains of sweetness and humanity, learning will make neither a wise nor a happy woman. Her college-life was thus truly an education." [Critic. 161

TWO COMPTON BOYS [by A. HOPPIN: *Houghton*, 1884.] "The audience, of young and old, whom Mr. Hoppin captivated with his 'Auton House'—may their number never grow less—will experience no disappointment on reading 'Two Compton Boys.' We have again a graphic picture of Providence (and, to a considerable extent, of New England) life in the youth of men now just past the middle age—and one which the historian may accept as trustfully as any chronicle he is likely to depend upon. But whereas in 'Auton House' we were made acquainted with the 'vie intime' of a single family, in 'Two Compton Boys' the scenes are mostly away from home, (not the same home if one may guess), at school and afield, and there is something like the evolution of a plot with half a tragedy. The humor remains, the comical illustrations are renewed, and an

hour of profitable relaxation can be promised any one who follows the fortunes of Dick Reydon and his sable 'alter ego' Peez Fittz." [Nation. 162

TWO RUNAWAYS. [by H. S. EDWARDS. *Century Co.*, 1889.] "Mr. Edwards has a rare and charming talent: he reproduces the negro in his multifarious 'funniness' and tenderness and dramatic tendencies with a completeness, a sympathy, never before compassed by a Southern writer: his pathos brings instant tears; his humor is as spontaneous as it is human; and beneath both lies the most intricate knowledge of negro character—grown from life-long association,—loving appreciation, and a power of throwing himself into the 'mêlée' of the rather mixed negro nature which we have not before seen in a writer of his 'section.' It is not the negro alone, however, with whom he deals: he is equally felicitous in his delineations of 'cracker' experience. 'Elder Brown's Backslide' is a capital tidbit of this kind, and 'A Born Inventor' is the most amusing skit imaginable. There are three Negro tales in this collection that show real genius: 'Two Runaways,' 'Ole Miss and Sweetheart,' and 'De valley an' de Shadder.' The middle story is as exquisite as anything in Daudet: while all show an uncommon dramatic power, which crops out, too (decked with wreathing smiles and fast following tears), in 'An Idyll of Sinkin' Mount'in.' This is a thin volume, but it is thick with suggestiveness and promise." [Critic. 163

UNCLE JACK'S EXECUTORS. [by ANNETTE L. NOBLE, *Putnam*, 1880.] "Uncle Jack was a country doctor, dead before the book begins, and his executors are 3 young women living together on the old place with their aunt. A more cheerful, optimistic collection of women it would be hard to find. One is an artist, with proclivities for surgery and medicine; another is a writer; and the third the general utility member. They have little money besides what the two professional sisters earn, but their life is a free and

unconstrained one. The aunt is a cleverly sketched, inconsecutive old lady, with a little echo in her of Mrs. Nickleby, but more refined and less of a caricature. Three men are introduced, one of whom, Jerry Scudder, a well-to-do farmer, wishes to marry the housekeeperly Dorothy, but is easily persuaded by her to keep his affections till she finds a wife for him, which she does in Molly Howells. A second is a young clergyman of sense and spirit, and the third an editor.... We can promise our readers a very agreeable hour over the book. It is not, Heaven be praised, in the highest style of art, but it is full of good nature and kindness; some of the scenes are sketched with real humor, and if the book seems amateurish, it has at any rate a refinement and quality of freshness which we wish were more common in professional work." [Atlantic. 164

UPON A CAST [by C.. DUNNING [WOOD]: *Harper*, 1885.] "is a very amusing little story, and turns on the experiences of a couple of ladies who, with a longing for a quiet life, 'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,' settle in 'Newbrook' [Poughkeepsie.] Little counting upon this niche outside the world becoming a centre of interest or a theatre of events, the necessity of presenting their credentials to the social magnates of the place does not occur to these ladies,—one the widow of a Prussian officer, and the other her niece. They prefer to remain, as it were, incognito; and, pried into as the seclusion of the new-comers is by all the curious, this reticence soon causes misconstructions and scandals. The petty gossip, the solemnities of self-importance, and the Phariseism of a country neighborhood are very well portrayed, and, we fear, without any especial exaggeration. The story is told with unflagging spirit, and shows quick perceptions and a lively feeling for situations." [Lippincott's.] "A novel quite fit and proper for summer reading; it is light and pleasant and extremely entertaining. The action, which embraces but the brief space of a summer, is rapid,

and, if never absorbing, is still never entirely devoid of interest." [Nation. 165

VACATION IN A BUGGY. (A) [by MARIA L. POOL, *Putnam*, 1887.] "A very sparkling, entertaining narrative of the adventures of two ladies who started with a buggy and a horse 'warranted sound and kind in all harness,' for a trip throu Berkshire [Massachusetts.] The weather was intensely hot when they started, they had a variety of amusing adventures, and the description of scenes and towns is very life-like. It is witty and humorous, but very natural as well. The two women were very courageous and had a good time, as they surely deserved it." [Hartford "Religious Herald." 166

VASSALL MORTON [by FRANCIS PARKMAN: *Phillips, Sampson, & Co.*, 1856.] "is honorably distinguished from most American novels by its hearty manhood, its simple and honest strength. It never lags, is nowhere tedious, but presses to its purpose without halt or bend or any book-making inflations....The main action of the piece is carried on in places most familiar to us. New York and Boston and dear old Cambridge [Mass.] interchange on its broad stage with the Alps, and the Lake of Como. We hear the peculiar talk of our streets and country folk, together with slight sounds of the languages across the sea, but none of them to excess. There is but a touch and a hint, and enuf is suggested. The volume, tho soon read, comprises great variety, and ministers to many kinds of emotion. It has strokes of genial humor and of deepest passion, tones of the most ordinary life and the tramp of romantic adventure....We commend the book to the public for a wholesome book, as well as a most engaging one." [Christ. Examiner. 167

VILLAGE PHOTOGRAPHS. (by AUGUSTA LARNED, *Holt*, 1887.) "This volume illustrates the fact that a village offers as good opportunities for the observation of human nature, within limits, as does the city, with the added advantage of a country sincerity and hardiness of cha-

raacter. This particular village is of the New England type. Its inhabitants have a familiar look as they come before us in turn. There are the judge, the jack-of-all-trades, the young man of genius without an occupation, the recluse with a dark romance, the ne'er-do-well, and the good doctor, who belongs to the group in which Holmes delights, and who is drawn with a skill not inferior to his own. There are women of all varieties of weakness and strength of mind, schoolmistresses, old maids, flirts, widows, in an abundance that accurately indicates, one thinks, the surplus of the sex. It is a long story which the author tells. She has exhausted the field, not in the sense of telling all that is to be known, but in leaving out no detail that belongs to the general impression. A good many life-histories are related, not as the novelist writes them, but in the way in which they are really known to the people of the town. One lives in the place, as he reads, and finds out that there is no secrecy possible for any of its inhabitants. Sooner or later even the passing stranger learns their affairs from start to finish. The description of these human matters makes the bulk of the book, tho the course of the seasons and the natural features of the woods and mountains and "the pine barrens" are utilized to keep a country atmosphere always present. The rustics are true rustics, true Yankees; and whoever likes the "simple annals of the poor" will find this volume full of reality, and sometimes touched with homely pathos." [Nation. 168

WALTER THORNLEY [by SUSAN R. SEDGWICK, 1859.] "Altho wearing the garb of a fictitious work, this charming domestic story is too rich in natural incidents and familiar characters not to have been founded in personal experience. Its scenes have a singular air of reality, while brightened with a true glow of imagination and romance. In just and expressive delineations of character, and in a high tone of moral sympathy, the present volume fully sustains the reputation of the

WANDERINGS AND FORTUNES OF  
SOME GERMAN EMIGRANTS (The).[by F: GERSTACKER (1816-72): *Appleton*,  
1848, 216 p.]

"The substance of this entertaining book is evidently no fiction, tho the author has added certain romantic flourishes to the main outline of his story, which very successfully fulfils the usual conditions of a novel. But it is impossible to read many pages without perceiving that he is telling what he must have seen, known, and suffered—so minute and circumstantial is the narrative: and as he is gifted with considerable powers of observing and describing, the reality of his work renders it extremely life-like and engaging . . . At Bremen we are first introduced to the party. They are of all ranks—some merchants, a barrister, a "Von" of the landed class, a clergyman with wife and two fair daughters, sundry mechanics and workmen of various trades, and some dozen peasants—gathered from different parts of Germany . . . How the love affair of Bertha and Werner ended, and in what manner the survivors

of the colony became fixed in a more happy settlement, it is needless to relate. Suffice it to say, that the fortunes of those whom we have learned to love in this history take, on the whole, a satisfactory turn: and that what we learn of the other adventurers,—some of whom fall into sad conditions and none of whom greatly prosper,—seems to be quite as good as they had at all deserved. Mr. Gerstacker seems to be a genial observer of the humors and ways of men, as well as apt in the business of daily life—with some readiness in portraying both in a simple, dramatic fashion." [Athenæum.]—"We are not sure how much of this book is truth and how much fiction; but be that as it may, it carries with it an air of great probability, and for aught we can see, may be true to the letter . . . It is full of interesting incident, and the man who can read 10 pages of it without wishing to keep on, must have the organs of both curiosity and sympathy but very imperfectly developed." [American Literary Magazine.

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writer." [Harper's.

169

WAY DOWN EAST [by SEBA SMITH, *Derby*, 1855.] "The author's brain is overflowing with Yankee traditions, local anecdotes, and personal recollections, which he reproduces with a freshness and point which always protect the reader from satiety. The force of his descriptions consists in their perfect naturalness. They are never overcharged—never distorted, for the sake of grotesque effect, never spiced too highly for the healthy palate—but read almost like literal transcripts of **New England** country life, before the age of railroads and telegraphs had brushed away its piquant individuality." [Harper's.

170

WHAT-TO-DO-CLUB (THE) [*Roberts*, 1885.] "is a work of collaboration by H.. Campbell and Mrs. Poole, the former telling a pleasant, if not very original, story of **New England** life, the latter writing the letters in which the doings of the "Busy-Bodies," a New Jersey club, are related for the instruction of the "What-to-Do's." Both clubs are in search of employment which shall be at once interesting and profitable. The assurance of the writers that each experiment is an actual one, truthfully described, makes the book a valuable storehouse of information. The tone of it is admirable, sweet, and healthful, making gentle household things and home affections of the first importance, and then trying to show what occupations are not incompatible with them, either in fact or in spirit." [Nation.

171

WHITE HERON. (A) [by S.. O. JEWETT: *Houghton*, 1886.] "Of Miss Jewett's stories little can ever be said, except to remark afresh on their beauty, their straitforward simplicity, and above all, their loving truth to the life of rural **New England** not merely in its external aspects, but in its very heart and spirit. ....In view of the current misconceptions of the Puritan temper which threaten to fasten themselves upon history, such authentic records of its rugged kindness,

its intensity of personal affections, its capacity for liberality, are invaluable. Nor can one doubt that these 'bona-fide' Yankees, yet lingering among the remote farms, are the true descendants in character as well as blood of the original colonists, if he will compare them with 'G: Eliot's' studies of the farmer folk from among whom they came. The community of essential character, modified by 200 years of greater independence, more liberal thôt, and harder effort, is unmistakable. "A White Heron" contains 2 or 3 stories which are among the author's best, tho the average of the collection is scarcely equal to previous ones. The first story, "A White Heron," however, is perfect in its way—a tiny classic." [Overland. 172

WIND OF DESTINY (THE) [by A. S. HARDY. *Houghton*, 1886.] "is far from being a bad novel. One cannot, of course, expect every story which "turns out the wrong way" to be a genuinely powerful tragedy; but, for the absence of intense dramatic interest, one expects compensation in the way of pathos or surprise, and this Mr. Hardy has managed to give. In spite of a shadowy uncertainty which veils the chief characters, there is a genuineness about honest Jack Temple which, just in time, saves the story from seeming unreal. His is indeed the pathetic figure of the tale, tho the lonely Schönberg, with his sad memories, seems to have been meant for the part. And it is to Jack also that one's sympathies go out, rather than to Rowan Ferguson, the painter, when the happiness of both is destroyed by the weak woman who had loved Rowan and married Jack. There is a quiet nobleness sometimes in the aspect of an every-day man of business who is capable of deep feeling, and of showing it without ostentation, which is dear to the American heart; and tho Mr. Hardy depends largely upon his fatalism to replace natural motives, the misery of Jack Temple is plainly apparent and very touching." [Nation. 173

WOMAN'S INHERITANCE (A) [by AMANDA M. DOUGLAS: *Lee & Shepard*,

WIDOW BEDOTT PAPERS (The). [by F.. MIRIAM (BERRY) WHITCHER: N.-Y., *Derby*, 1855.] "Tō all whō lōve pure scandal, gossip, and caricature, this grotesque volume wil be hily acceptable . . . If the keen, tho broad, satire of the book be merited by ōur rural friends, then the less said by "countryfolk" against the absurdities and selfishness of city life and city manners the better. The "poitry" in the volume wil produce many a hearty lāf, and on the whole, we feel gratified at making the humorous acquaintance of the Widow Bedott." [Criterion.]—"It shōs the peculiarities of ōur New-England [?] nēbors, especially those of the Widow Bedott. Most books of this sort overdō the yankee vernacular. But the Widow Bedott is perfect in her parts of speech, a model woman of the class tō which she belongs. She is ignorant and prejudiced, mean, malicious, and quarrelsome, a slanderer, and abōve all, an unwearied fisher of men. The end of her being is tō entrap some fool intō marrying her. Her schemes and manœuvres ar baffled for a long time, they ar so profoundly transparent; but she finally catches a burning and a shining light—Elder Sniffles, a Baptist clergyman. If the 'materiel' of the "Widow Bedott Papers" had been worked intō a consistent story, with a proper surrounding of characters, scenery and incidents, they might some day hav filled a curious niche in the history of American literature. As it is, they wil be widely read, largely lāfed over, and then forgotten. No permanent business can be dōne on so small a capital as ōne character, even tho that ōne be the Widow Bedott." [Albion.]—"Mrs. Bedott is a vulgar, inconsolable wido, the centre of a village sewing and literary circle, herself gifted with the art of writing "poitry" of which we hav here some most admirable specimens. Since the famous Caudle Lectures, nōthing like them has appeared til Widow Bedott began tō pour forth her lamentations in "poitry," and tō tel the various methods she took tō regain her

standing as a married woman . . . The village society of the rural districts of New-York ar pictured tō the life. Nōthing can better evidence the fidelity and graphic power of these pen and ink sketches than the censure inflicted upon the poor artist, from the circles of society in which she livd." [National Era. 0401 p

WIDOW SPRIGGINS (The) [by F.. M. (BERRY) WHITCHER: N.-Y., *Carleton*, 1867.] is "anōther contribution tō American Humor, and, considering the time when it was written, a creditable ōne. It is not equal tō the *Widow Bedott Papers* [No. 0401 p], and it is much inferior tō the effusions of "Artemus Ward," "John Phoenix," "Josh Billings," and the rest of the later American humorists. Mrs. Whitcher was a woman of talent, whō might hav dōne good things, had she livd longer, and learned the art of writing; as it was, her compositions hav a decidedly amateurish air, such as we expect tō find in the columns of country journals. The Widow Spriggins, whō, by the way, is not a wido til after the conclusion of her reminiscences, is a sentimental country girl, of cheap education and acquirements, whōse head, such as it is, had been turned by novel-reading. Refusing a good match in her nativ village of Podunk, she flies tō an adjacent town, whēre she opens a seminary, and meets lots of adventures amōng the young men, whō ar attracted by her superior charms and intelligence. She repels thēir advances with scorn, as becōmes a reader of the "Children of the Abbey," and similar hī-flōn fictions, but finally capitulates tō Spriggins. whōse relit she soon becōmes. Thēre is not much originality in all this, nor, we conceive, much humor; if thēre be, it is so clumsy that it escapes us: in a word it is mere horse-play. That writing of this sort should make a "sensation" in country town, whēre everybody knoes everybody else, and gossip is ready tō put the cap of the satirist on the nearest head, we can believe; but further than this, we can not go." [Albion. 0402 q

WOLFSDEN. [by J. B.: Boston, *Phillips*, 1856.] "The author gives evidence of possessing the true Yankee eye and brain. His descriptions of the rural life and character of **New-England** are fresh, accurate, and life-like, showing that certainty of grasp which proceeds from experience as well as observation. The scenes in New-York and "down South" are comparatively failures. The pathos, the passion, the dry, quaint, droll humor, often verging on extravagance, are all of the peculiar New-England type. The vigor and variety of power displayed in representation of character, the felicity of its separate scenes, and its easy mastery of language and illustration, indicate that it was not a first attempt." [Graham's Magazine.]—"As a work of art, it is manifestly open to criticism; the plot is not particularly ingenious, and the style, often vigorous, terse, and picturesque, is sometimes careless and in bad taste, although never dull or commonplace. Viewed, however, as a picture of New-England rural life, it has, in our opinion, few equals. The story of the child-hunt in the wild **Maine** woods, the sleigh-rides and singing parties and path-breakings, the intensely-wrote tragedy of the blacksmith and his tempter, and the tender pathos and simple beauty of some of the descriptions of life and Nature indicate the ability of the author." [J: G. Whittier. 173 s

WOMAN IN SPIKE OF HERSELF =  
No. 0406.



1886.] "is one of the books which the critic's feeling would lead him to speak of more impatiently than his judgment would sanction; for the book is well-meant, it is not without a respectable degree of pure story interest, is free from coarseness, and has a sensible moral. In fact, its defect is is the same as that of the typical Sunday-school book (save for the sentimentalizing of religion, of which it is not guilty)—that is, a pervasive atmosphere of the second rate in intellect and taste. It is hard to say how this comes in. The author makes a very great point of good society, and does not palpably break with the facts in describing it; perhaps it is more by what she fails to put in, that she succeeds in being hopelessly second-rate. Her heroines are admirable compounds of loveliness and excellence, her heroes, Bayards; and they carry out their parts with reasonable correctness; but while they move on briskly throu the action of the piece (for Miss Douglas has a very fair idea of the construction and motion of a narrative), they never *live*—they are merely embodied ideas." [Overland. 174

YEAR IN EDEN (A) [by HARRIET W. PRESTON, *Roberts*, 1887.] "is saved by the presence of 2 or 3 genuine and natural characters. They are not those to whom most care is given, and who, in the action, are most important. One is Professor Griswold, clever, pushing, plausible, and untrustworthy; the others are two old maids, the fine drawing of whose insignificance contrasts curiously with the woodenness and conventionality of those who *do* to be significant. Women like the Misses Middleton—dignified, content, serene, for all their material poverty—are to be found in every small community, but very seldom have they been so delightfully shown to the world as by Miss Preston. The only excuse for the intrigue, an exceptionally disgraceful one even outside of Eden, is that it brings out the finest points of these sweet old gentlewomen. The disgrace of their niece's flight with a "married, middle-aged man" was needed

even to suggest to them that such a thing could be; how it could be in their own set, among their own flesh and blood, they would never understand. Nor, from the author's delineation, does the reader understand; he can only accept, with the fulness of worldly knowledge, the possibility. The passion which might impel a man of fashion to a socially destructive step does not exist in the well-dressed stick which came as the serpent into Eden. For the woman's part in the affair there is no reason, excepting that an Italian-Yankee may be expected to be unbalanced, and that the name "Monza" may impose an obligation to be shocking." [Nation. 175

YOUNG MAIDS AND OLD: [by C. L. (ROOT) BURNHAM: *Ticknor*, 1888.] "This is another example of how well an honest-hearted and modest woman may amuse and entertain readers of her own sex. Without one approach to dangerous ground she has drawn the picture of a good-hearted but flirty girl for one of her heroines, and without one trace of prudishness delineated extreme modesty, refinement, and reserve in the other, while involving both of them in cordial, honest, happily terminated love-making. And on that achievement we are heartily glad to congratulate her. She is never dull, and she never preaches, but her story leaves a thoroly pleasant and desirable impression on the reader's mind." [Catholic World. 176

ZEPH. [by H. (F.) JACKSON: *Roberts*, 1886.] "So careful a student of her art was Mrs. Jackson, and so much knowledge had she of how to study it wisely, that in the few years between her beginning to to write fiction and her death, she had already so far overcome the more superficial natural defects in her fiction, that few readers would notice them at all in Zeph. The plot of the story seems to us incongruous, artistically speaking. It begins with one motive, and seems to be ending with another. Zeph's devotion to his wife is the theme at the outset, and it foreshadows a story of tragic loyalty,

unchangeable to the end. Yet soon we find this wife passing very easily out of his life, and after his divorce, his relation to Miss Sophy becomes the theme; nor does the assurance given by the sketch of the intended close, that the story was to be brôt back to its original theme by the death of the first wife, entirely meet this objection. One cannot quite avoid the suspicion that some tender-heartedness on the author's part towards her characters interfered with the carrying out of the tragedy to its legitimate end." [Overland. 177

**ZURY.** [by JO. KIRKLAND: *Houghton*, 1887.] "We cannot recall any fiction worth mention before "Zury" dealing with the middle West, except E: Eggleston's stories, and Howe's two gloomy novels. Mr. Kirkland in some respects excels either of these authors. He writes with a more assured pen, a more even and firm literary training. He is never crude, and

is thoroly original, in the sense of never depending on conventional types in character or incident, and copying nothing but life. Nevertheless, he is not very individual, and either Mr. Howe's or Mr. Eggleston's stories leave a much more distinct mark on the mind than his. Perhaps by his crude devices, perhaps in spite of them, Mr. Eggleston did attain "go;" and perhaps by his unconscionable imitation and ghastly sensationalism, perhaps in spite of them, Mr. Howe is impressive. "Zury" is full of excellences, yet it hardly impresses itself on the reader. This is chiefly, we should say, because the plot is not pleasant, and the unpleasant element in it does not make itself seem necessary and inevitable, as it should in an artistic book; partly, too, because the style, admirable tho it is—plain, direct, and full of intelligence and quiet humor—has not that highly readable quality which may be called brightness." [Overland. 178

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*Dear Mr. Griswold:*

*I am delighted with the notion of your list of  
Novels about Country Life in America and I think  
you have most charmingly realized it. The book  
will be useful to every book-lover, and critic, and  
librarian: now that it satisfies it, I know that I have  
always felt the need of just such a list.*

*W. D. Howells.*

on the problem of his unquestionable popularity. The large annual circulation of such unqualified trash may be an encouraging sign of the times to the sentimental moralist, than whom no human being has less faculty for looking facts in the face, for seeing life as it is, or for properly conceiving what it should or might be. The thôt that it is read at all must depress those who believe that the average literary taste is some measure of average intelligence, of national soundness, mental and moral." [Nation. 0412

#### ZACHARIAH THE CONGRESSMAN.

[by GILBERT ASHVILLE PIERCE: Chicago, *Donnelley*, 1880.] "Its theme is commonplace, and its workmanship is of the cheap and salable grade. Zachariah is

a sensible Westerner, whose head—and we may add whose heart—is turned by political flattery and preferment, and whose misfortunes begin with his election to office and his removal to **Washington**. He there forgets his old and worthy friends, and forms new and dangerous ones, and becomes a wiser man only by first being made a sadder one. A certain verisimilitude underlies parts of the story, and there is a quaint truthfulness in much of the dialect which is woven into it; but its purpose hardly goes further than mere amusement, and in that respect it cannot afford satisfaction to a very high order of taste. Some things in it are rather silly." [Boston "Literary World." 0413

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A revue, after all, is often in a strange language to every one not acquainted with the book under discussion; but if this has been read the comments of the revuer have more significance, his points are understood, and his praise or dispraise more keenly relished or disrelished. There is always great pleasure in comparing opinions, and no doubt immense satisfaction in finding one's own discernment confirmed. So much greater is the interest in reading a revue after, rather than before, reading the book, that I often wonder whether this is not the best purpose of criticism. If I may judge by my experience and personal likings, a revue is of little interest unless the book is already, in some measure, at least, familiar. But, if that is true, what, again, becomes of the cash value of the revue? Leaving this narrow monetary side of the question, it is certain, I think, that the aggregate influence of book-revues is an aid to literature. It may be difficult to trace this influence in many instances; it may often glance without effect, and sometimes repress rather than help deserving productions; but as a whole, it no doubt widens the knowledge of literature and nourishes the taste for it. It is not, indeed, certain that literature would be possible to any large extent if there were no heralds to proclaim and no chorus to celebrate it. [O. B. Bunce.

*Romantic Novels are divided into two classes,—those which are and those which are not, historical. This list is devoted to the latter, but a few historical tales, in which history is at a minimum, have been included. An excellent bibliography of Historical Fiction exists in the L. H. catalog of the Boston Public Library.*

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“No author without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight, as is happily the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable event of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall flowers, need ruin to make them grow.” [Nathaniel Hawthorne.]

“Few things are more conclusively established in this commonplace day and practical land than the utter abolition of the romantic element of life. People who read Mrs. Radcliffe and the Ledger—and there are those besides ourselves, we are credibly informed, who are in the habit of reading both—must often heave a sigh of regret for the vanished and delightful mysteries commemorated in those obsolete but fascinating pages. Not the subtlest effort of imagination can again people the prosaic walks of daily life with the weird shapes that haunted every nook and corridor of Otranto’s enchanted and enchanting castle. The lonely wayside inn which was wont to be the very nursery and stronghold of romance has become disgustingly commonplace and safe. No ingenious trapdoor opens to engulf the slumber of the unsuspecting traveler; no horrent spectre with flaming eyes and hollow voice emerges from the wall to menace and dismay; no lovely and compassionate barmaid clambers in at the window to warn of the murderous landlord and to save from his sanguinary toils; no foe the chance sojourner has to dread more deadly than the susurrant mosquito or the insidious cimex. The secret doors and hidden stairways and subterranean passages, the unbodied voices, the irresponsible skeletons, and unaccountable knits who made beautiful and thrilling the ways of a preternatural past, have forever disappeared. That whole charming web of mediæval romance the ruthless besom of modern enlightenment has swept into dust and oblivion. We are encompassed with an atmosphere of almost oppressive reality, and it is a genuine relief when some unusually ingenious murder or flagrant fall of unsuspected respectability gives us a brief respite from the tyranny of the commonplace.” [Round Table.]

*Teacher at the Convent*, takes hold of the reader by its fine portraiture, its quaint coloring, and its underglow of passion . . . Two of the other stories are based on a sad conception—that of the obscure, unknown artist, penetrated with intense love for his art, but ignorant, powerless to inform his ignorance, and

producing only grotesques, which bring down on him laughter and derision. '*Père Perrault's Legacy*' strikes altogether a new note; the strange little story is a thing apart. It is to be hoped that Miss Corkran may before long bring out another volume of such charming studies." [Athenæum. 1024

Novels are as a rule written for the young, and from their pages most young men and women get their first picture of life; they supply the gorgeous scenery, the heroic characters, and the thrilling events of those day-dreams on which the fancy of youth dwells, and so furnish unconsciously its ideals for future life. With regard to love and marriage, for instance, novels are the sources from which in early life, long before we can know anything about the matter from experience, we derive some of our most deeply-rooted pre-conceptions. Most people in mature life can look back upon some one or two novels which suggested to them new objects of existence, a clearer insight into the poetry of life. [Nation.

"Every year the influence of reviews has less to do with the circulation or failure of a book. The public mind enlarges itself, and must be fed with printed matter of some kind. Readers are gluttons, not connoisseurs, and so the canons of taste are set at naught, and the niceties of intellectual and imaginative work meet less and less appreciation." [Spectator.

"There are multitudes who habitually read a good deal, and much to their satisfaction, whose provision of books is almost entirely drawn from the middle and lower classes of literature. Very many of them, indeed, have read DICKENS, some few THACKERAY, wholly or partially; but for them, Miss AUSTEN wrote drivel, and SIR WALTER SCOTT prosy inanity. They would as soon attack John Locke as "GEORGE ELIOT"; and if they read a book of Mrs. OLIPHANT, they feel as if they had had a Sunday in the middle of the week. They like Mrs. CRAIK well enough, because, though didactic, she is sentimental. They take Miss BRADDON and "OUIDA" as the salt and spice of their reading; but what they live upon is the enormous mass of novels and stories which fill the pages of cheap periodicals and serve as ballast to the circulating libraries. It seems, then, that the laws of demand and supply account for the existence of thousands of novels, and since thousands of novels are required and manufactured, it is reasonable enough to expect that they should lose the character of works of art, and be as commonplace as the daily bread to which we have already likened them." [Spectator.

#### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF NOVELS.

It is a very pleasant thing to finish reading a book and feel that one has made a charming new acquaintance. Men and women who are entirely congenial and delightful are by no means common in this world, even if one lives in the midst of its best society; and some of our dear friends are people who live all the year round in the little three-walled houses made by book-covers. Yet *their* every-day life is as real to us as *ours*; their houses and their fortunes and misfortunes are well known to us, and we are sure of a thousand things about them that we never saw in print. The inner circle of our friends mīt be a broken one if it were not rounded and completed with such companionships as these. But one thinks not so much of the luxury of having these friendships as of the necessity for them, and of the good it does everybody to know nice people, of the elevating power a novel may have if it carries its readers among people worth knowing. It is certainly a great force in raising the tone of society; it is a great help in the advance of civilization and refinement. A good story has a thousand readers where a biography has ten. Who is not better for having associated with the ladies and gentlemen to whom certain novelists have presented us? One instinctively tries to behave his very best after meeting them, and admires their hospitality, their charity, their courage in adversity, their grace and good-breeding. How many tricks of speech and manner we have caut in such society! How often we have been moved to correct some carelessness or rudeness, of which we were unconscious until they taut us better! Trollope, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, a hundred others, have unwittingly done much more than entertain us with their stories: they have taut many people good manners; they have set copies for us to follow in little things and great. To have spent a Week in a French Country House—as I hope we have all been lucky enuf to do—will save us from seeming awkward on any repetition of that charming visit. If we have never been abroad at all we feel that when we are in France, by and by, and go into the country, it will not seem at all strange. It is a pity that so little is known of *our* pleasant people from the story-books. The best of our gentlemen and ladies have kept very much to themselves; at any rate, they have few representatives in fiction, and do not mix much with the familiar types of character in American novels. Do they have themselves privately printed, and are they rit to be so shy as they are, and to keep their fashion of doing things to themselves? Are the authors who write about american life afraid of seeming to copy forein stories if they say too much of the people who, from a social point of vue, are best worth knowing and reading about? The country life and local dialects and peculiarities, with their ridiculousness and pathos, the energy and restlessness and flashiness and unconventionality, the ostentation, of americans have been held up for us to look at again and again. There are many of our nēbors across the water who think the american girl of the period, with whom they have become acquainted, is the best type that can be found. It is too bad that there have been so few stories of agreeable, hī-bred american men and women, and that our best society has been so seldom represented in fiction. It is certainly not because it does not exist, and more books which show us such characters as these would do much good. [Atlantic.

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OF  
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DEALING WITH  
LIFE IN FRANCE.

COMPILED BY  
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
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

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